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DULLES replies to Russell and Krushchev

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The Lonely Mr Dulles

THE letter which Mr Dulles has sent us in reply to Bertrand Russell and Mr Krushchev has three merits: it is honest, it is consistent, and it is extremely revealing of the man and his mind. Every line in it proclaims that, despite the dramatic events of the last few years – the beginnings of peaceful coexistence, the 20th Congress, the intense and even battle for the conquest of space – he has not in the slightest degree changed the basic appraisal of Soviet intentions he formed when he was Mr Truman's special adviser. Like Dr Watson, he is 'the one fixed point in a changing world'. His position is simple. Communism, he argues, is totally lacking in moral basis. It is useless, therefore, to sign agreements with its leaders which are not physically enforceable. More than this: we cannot even afford to coexist peacefully with the Soviet system, because our respective creeds are mutually incompatible. Communism, on its own admission, aims at world domination, if necessary by force. Therefore, unless and until its leaders abjure this fundamental resolve, there is no alternative to an armed stalemate maintained by terror.

Few western leaders are prepared to put this case in quite such clear and absolute terms as Mr Dulles; but all, to some degree, accept it. It must, therefore, be answered. Naturally, we cannot expect Mr Krushchev to solemnly renounce the Marxist-Leninist doctrine of revolution. But, in his more thoughtful moments, he has consistently maintained that force is no longer a weapon in the Communist armoury. The battle between East and West, he told a correspondent of *The Times* last week, is now being fought in the realm of ideas, and for this, he said, no armed forces, whether conventional or atomic, are needed. Higher standards of life, higher levels of art, science and culture – these, he insisted, were now the instruments of Communist expansion

Mr Dulles, of course, would dismiss such statements as lying propaganda, deliberately designed to lull the West into a mood of false security. The aims and methods of the Kremlin, he argues, have undergone no fundamental change; they are merely presented in a more appetising form, to suit the palate of a free world sickened and strained by the effort of the Cold War. Once the West has relaxed its defences, then the old methods will be resumed, for they are the only ones by which Communism can hope to succeed.

Are they? Mr Dulles's views were formed in the dark days of Stalin's Russia, when Communism had nothing to give the world except drudgery and compulsion. As the leader of a backward country, struggling to become an industrial giant by its own unaided efforts, and seeing himself ringed by enemies, Stalin was obsessed by military security, which he measured exclusively in terms of territory and divisions. He would honour no agreement which effectively eroded Russia's *cordon sanitaire*, and he would never neglect an opportunity to deepen it.

But Stalin is dead, and even before he died, the Russia he knew was fast disappearing. Mr Krushchev represents a new Russia, technological and self-confident; a Russia strong enough to underwrite the industrialisation of 600 million Chinese, to suspend the systematic impoverishment of eastern Europe, and simultaneously to shower the Middle East with largesse. She is now challenging American primacy over a vast and increasing range of human endeavour; and any professed willingness to abandon the war of weapons and embrace the war of ideas may spring from a profound conviction that she can win it. For men judge ideas by their fruits, and the Soviet pavilion is now being stocked with good things.

Fortunately, those who, like Mr Dulles, still cling to the defensive postures which Stalin forced on the world, are a dwindling band. A growing number of Congressmen, as our Washington correspondent reports, are grasping the real nature of the Soviet challenge, and even President Eisenhower, much as he respects Mr Dulles's judgment, now speaks with a different voice. The new mood, moreover, is not based merely on a desperate desire to end the Cold War; it also springs from optimism, from a conviction that the West, too, has decisive assets in the war of ideas. For ideas, unlike weapons, are positive; and this new war, unlike all its predecessors, could end in a victory for both sides.

Comments on the Week's News

Diefenbaker's Snap Election

The decision to dissolve the Canadian parliament at this moment comes as a surprise. It was thought after the election last June that the minority Conservative government would either hold an early election in autumn or postpone it until next summer. The autumn election would have allowed Mr Diefenbaker to demand a working majority in order to put his party's policy into full effect. The later date would have given him the opportunity to bribe the electorate sufficiently into giving him further gains from the Liberals. As it has turned out Mr Diefenbaker has chosen a March election – and without being defeated in the House. The Liberal Party indeed promised not to oppose the policy for which he had a mandate and has allowed all his measures to pass through the House. These have included in particular much greater co-operation with provincial governments than the Liberals were ever prepared to concede, and may have brought some popularity to the Conservatives through such measures as the provision of capital for power installations, a favourable revision of provincial tax arrangements, and the development of the South Saskatchewan dam. Conservative tactics now seem to be to cash in quickly and forestall the reorganisation of the Liberal Party, to which its new leader, Mr Lester Pearson, is committed. At the same time they are undoubtedly running the risk of being blamed for the present Canadian recession, which is a reflection of conditions in the United States. Two basic issues seem likely to determine next month's election. The first will be the extent to which the Liberals lose further ground in the manufacturing areas through advocating freer trade; the second, how far the electorate is prepared to raise its eyes above local issues and recognise the international significance of replacing Mr Diefenbaker with Mr Pearson as Canada's leader in her new role as a world power.

Nasser's Empire

Despite America's post-Suez attempts to cut President Nasser down to size, he has never once lost the initiative. Last week's signature of Egypt-Syrian union – carefully timed to push the Baghdad Pact meeting off Arab front pages – is a characteristically skilful move, designed to enhance both Egypt's position in the Arab world and his own personal prestige. How real the union will be remains to be seen, for all the institutional details have yet to be decided; but it is a foregone conclusion that Nasser himself will be elected President of the new republic, and it seems equally certain that Egypt will now control Syrian internal and foreign policy, as it already controls her army. This, by making Egypt master of the pipelines as well as the Canal, greatly strengthens Nasser's hand in dealing with the West. But it also improves his bargaining position *vis à vis* Russia, for he can now suppress the Syrian Communist Party – the one legal CP in the Middle East – and winkle out the fellow-travellers in the Syrian army and administration. Henceforth, any Soviet addresses to Syria will have to be referred to Cairo first – and the price of further friendship may well be Soviet financing of the Aswan Dam, which still remains the key to the long-term stability of the Nasser regime. These, however, are by-products of the main advantage Nasser will draw from the pact, which is designed, above all, to reaffirm and strengthen his position as political leader of Arab nationalism. All Arab statesmen, for over a generation, have spoken of Arab unity as a desirable end; Nasser is the first who has actually done anything about it. This is the way the overwhelming majority of Arabs will regard the treaty. Nasser has always been more popular in the Arab world as a whole than in Egypt herself, and he is now beginning to cash in on the fact. Yemen has already agreed to join the new republic. Other Arab governments will be under pressure from public opinion to follow suit. Hence King Hussein's panicky decision to hold an immediate conference with his fellow monarchs. Their problems, however, are not identical. King Feisal has little to fear, for the Iraqis have always made it clear that they will join a super-state only on condition they assume its leadership. Nor need Saud be unduly worried: it is true that Saudi opinion – such as it is – grows increasingly pro-Nasser; but it will probably be possible to devise a reverberating formula which nominally associates Saudi Arabia with the new state, while leaving Saud with the realities of independence. Hussein, however, is in a much more perilous position; for nowhere is the demand for Arab unity stronger than on the west bank of the Jordan. Indeed, the slogan of the Nabulsi government – the first in Jordan to be elected by popular vote – was 'Jordan's destiny is to disappear', and Nabulsi's proposals for educational union with Syria were one of the main causes of the royal *coup d'état* last April.

Why Not Cut Prices?

This month's Treasury *Bulletin for Industry* roundly accuses British manufacturers, despite the wage freeze, of failing to pass on to their customers the recent substantial fall in the prices of materials imported from abroad. It points out that over the past eight or nine months raw material prices have fallen on the average by about 10 per cent., but that there has been no corresponding fall in the prices of manufactured goods. The *Bulletin's* main purpose is to stress the need for such a fall – or at least for stability in export prices – in order to enable Great Britain to hold, or to improve, its position in the world market. The *Bulletin* points out that the heavy industrial investment of the past few years should by now be showing its effect in increased productivity, and stresses the need for restraint in seeking higher incomes as a means of stabilising or reducing home costs. The *Bulletin* argues that, just as manufacturers succeeded in part in offsetting rising wages and material prices by higher productivity, so they should now be able to increase productivity in face of stable wages and low prices of materials. Manufacturers are not likely to act on this advice unless they are forced to do so by a continuance of recession in the US; they may indeed be influenced in an opposite direction by the recent slackening of deflation in West Germany where wages have been rising recently considerably faster than in Great Britain and are expected to rise faster still in the near future. Dear and scarce money may not be a very important matter in the case of firms which are largely self-financing and do not need to look mainly to the banks for the financing of their turnover. They are likely, however, to react on the costs of many smaller firms and on those of traders in the wholesale and retail trade and thus to increase marginal costs. They may thus help the larger firms as against their competitors.

Crisis Week for Central Africa

During the next seven days a number of highly important decisions will be taken in Central Africa. This Saturday Garfield Todd is to meet a special conference of his party which will determine whether or not he will remain premier of Southern Rhodesia; on 10 February the Nyasaland Legislative Council assembles to discuss the application of the federal franchise to that country; and next week it is expected that parliament will debate the government's decision as to whether the Federal Franchise bill is a discriminatory measure. The Garfield Todd decision is likely to be highly embarrassing to the protagonists of federation. In spite of Roy Welensky's desperate attempt to persuade the world that liberalism is not at stake, if Todd is defeated, as seems likely, the Southern Rhodesian whites will have given clear notice that they will not tolerate even the most moderate flirtations with African advancement. The Nyasaland Council is able to debate the franchise proposals because there were no electoral provisions in that country when the federation came into being. A majority of this council are still Colonial Office nominees, so that its decision on this vital matter will depend on the instructions of the British Colonial Secretary. The Franchise Bill itself provides for an upper and lower federal roll. Voters on the former, almost all European, will be entitled to cast their votes for both European and African candidates; those on the latter, almost all African, can vote only for the few African candidates. The bill, like the Constitution Amendment Bill of last December, has therefore been declared discriminatory by the African Affairs Board. If the British government again overrides the Board, gives its assent, and orders its nominees in Nyasaland to vote for its application there, it will at last have become obvious to all that the whites fully intend to maintain their privileges inviolate, and that Conservative governments in London will back them against any opposition.

Nuclear Disarmament

A national committee, under the presidency of Bertrand Russell, has now been set up to conduct the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Its policy is to press for a British initiative to halt the nuclear armaments race and, as a first step, to seek top-level negotiations for stopping nuclear weapon tests, the establishment of new missile bases, and the acquisition of nuclear weapons by any more nations. The committee also wishes this country to seek abolition of the manufacture and stockpiles of nuclear weapons. In the meantime, the committee urges, Britain as a proof of sincerity should offer to suspend patrol flights of aircraft with nuclear bombs, to stop tests of nuclear weapons, and to halt the construction of missile bases in this country. The first test of public support for this laudably comprehensive programme will be the meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Monday, 17 February at 7.30, when the speakers will include Bertrand Russell, J. B. Priestley, A. J. P. Taylor, Michael Foot and Sir Stephen King-Hall.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

After Explorer

To historians of the future the best thing about the American satellite will have been its timing. The successful launching of Explorer came none too soon for a nation vexed by frustration and concerned for its prestige, although the popular reaction has been one of mild satisfaction as though the event had been discounted in advance. Had it been achieved much sooner, however, the lesson of Sputniks I and II might not have had time to sink in. Anyone who doubts that it *has* sunk in, and appreciably altered the political climate of the country, should have sat in the Senate gallery a few days ago when Senator Ellender of Louisiana was giving his colleagues a lecture on the Soviet Union. In the chamber so recently hypnotised by the late Joseph McCarthy this Southern Democrat, who votes against his party's liberal wing three-quarters of the time, won bipartisan praise for a speech which three years ago would have marked him as 'soft on Communism' and possibly a danger to the republic.

Among the first-hand observations that Ellender brought back from his travels were 'an atmosphere of confidence' in Russia, 'apparent domestic contentment,' and 'a growing belief among the Russian people that their system is superior in all respects to ours in the West' – all heresies in our departed days of complacency. What is more, he went on, the people who are developing industry in Siberia 'more rapidly than I have ever seen industry developed anywhere else' are not slaves, after all, nor even Eurasian 'halfbreeds' – race is still a precoccupation of the Louisiana Senator – but 'the same kind of people as those who made America great. They are pioneers'. Ellender even suggested that, while disregarding the teachings of Communism and atheism, we could 'learn a great deal from the Russian school system', and he reported that the arts were flourishing in Omsk and Novosibirsk as well as in Moscow. In short, the Senator assured his listeners, 'the Russians are not about to collapse' but, on the contrary, 'they seem to be on the march'.

By way of recommendation, Ellender called for an expanded information programme, a far freer exchange of visitors between the Soviet Union and the United States, and much greater willingness on our part, in spite of broken Russian promises in the past, to hold conferences – at any level – for the 'peaceful solution of world problems'. As for our present foreign aid programme, the Senator found it, for the most part, futile – far too concentrated on building up military establishments in countries that cannot afford them and with too little American money allowed 'to trickle down to the masses' (a daring term), where it might do some good.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of Ellender's speech was its reception. Senator Aiken, a Vermont Republican of the party's 'modern' wing, thought it a sign of progress that the talk could have been made 'without interruption from either side of the aisle' – a circumstance which, he pointed out, would have been unthinkable even two years ago. Senator Dworshak of Idaho, an old guard Republican and an isolationist to boot, paid tribute to the traveller's 'diligence and fairness'. From Senator Thurmond, once presidential candidate of the diehard Dixiecrats, came even more florid compliments, in which he was joined by Democratic Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts, whose aspirations in the same direction are rather more serious.

While the episode no doubt measures the distance we have travelled from smugness since the rise of the first Sputnik, the fact that Senator Ellender can take the lead and be joined by men of the political stamp of Dworshak and Thurmond has a significance of its own. A mood of let's-be-reasonable-about-the-Russians now appeals not only to those who desperately want to stop the mad race to nuclear destruction, but also to those who hope that a mere easing of tensions will allow us to return to something like semi-isolation, with drastic curtailment of mutual aid programmes, a progressive withdrawal from 'foreign entanglements', and a happy reduction of taxes. A cheaper complacency, perhaps, than the one we've been shaking off, but hardly less dangerous.

ROBERT BENDINER

Moscow

Krushchev and the Farmers

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Krushchev's speech at Minsk was the absence of any ideological argument in support of his proposal to change the role of machine and tractor stations in Soviet agriculture. How remarkable one can see by turning to Stalin's last work, *Economic Problems of Socialism*, where the author raised both ideological and economic objections to proposals to sell machines and tractors directly to the collective farms. Stalin's attitude was typically conservative: in the advance towards Communism the stage had not yet been reached when the means of production could be placed directly in the hands of the collectivised peasants. First the *kolkhoz* property – the property of a group – would have to be raised to the level of the national property. Given the neglect of agriculture under Stalin, that stage looked like lasting a long time. In 1952 the number of *kolkhozes* who could have afforded to buy, even on the easiest terms of payment, the large, modern machines coming from the factories, was very small.

Krushchev might have argued – and probably will – that the *kolkhozes* are today in a far better position to invest in machinery, and to run it efficiently; in other words that the time is ripe for a start to be made on distributing the means of production among all the people. But, of course, that would not have met all the objections to the liquidation of the Machine Tractor Stations as such that are likely to arise. If so why should *Pravda* have found it necessary to follow up publication of the text of the Minsk speech with a new attack on the 'anti-party group' and a warning to elements 'contaminated by conservatism, slaves of outmoded conceptions, who have not understood the new conditions and who cling stupidly to habits and methods of work that are obsolete'?

The point is that until now no one has ever publicly challenged the role of the machine and tractor stations as the organisers of production. From the late Twenties when the first imported tractors were available, and specially since 1933 when the MTS political departments were started, these stations have been the main representatives of party and state power in the countryside. It was to them that 17,000 picked party workers were sent when the collectivisation campaign was being carried out at its most ruthless tempo. And, as late as 1954, a government decision affirmed the growing power of the MTS in leading not only the mechanised productive work on the farms but at 'organising the organisers and leaders of farm production'. Now, however, Krushchev, while paying tribute to the 'historical part' played by the MTS, has asserted that 'there is no longer any need to assign to them the role of organisers of production'. Today there are large farms that can rationally utilise equipment, without the machine and tractor stations. 'The MTS have ceased to play the political part they played earlier.'

An interesting fact brought to light in the Minsk speech was that while in the past the MTS had been useful in collecting cheap grain – delivered in payment for services – the state now finds it more economical to grow its own grain on *sovkhozes*. This is the result of the raising of procurement prices and of the virgin land project. The problem now is to reduce the cost of producing grain on the *kolkhozes*; and this has brought the authorities up against the question of reducing administrative costs. Actually, as Krushchev pointed out, there are two managerial apparatuses in the countryside: one in the collective farms and a parallel one at the MTS. 'There are two masters on the same land . . . and where there are two masters there can be no good order'. In those words probably lies the main point of the measures Krushchev proposes. Relations between the boards of management at the *kolkhozes* and the managers of the MTS have rarely been smooth. The proposed changes, which will be introduced gradually, will undoubtedly be popular among the farmers.

Bonn

The Support Costs Row

A Correspondent writes: Whether the German Federal Republic should continue to pay stationing costs for foreign troops on its soil has long been a much disputed issue. Each year since this state became sovereign and agreed to create a *Bundeswehr* as its contribution to Nato three years ago, the issue has led to tough bargaining. Only the shades of diplomacy have kept strong disagreements out of the full glare of publicity at times. Matters have now reached a climax with what appears to be a definitive refusal of the Germans to pay £50m. which the British request for the coming financial year. The Nato Council last month 'recommended' West Germany to pay; and M. Spaak was here last weekend to back up this recommendation. But after four hours discussions – 'very interesting and frank', according to one report, but 'rather unpleasant', according to another – M. Spaak returned to Paris leaving one of his experts to carry on talks with the authorities here.

It now appears clear that no agreement can be reached in Bonn, so that the issue will be returned to the Nato Council, and it remains to be seen what sort of a compromise will be worked out. The Germans say they cannot pay and that they should not pay. We understand Britain's difficulties, but it must also understand ours, runs the argument. We are going to spend 11,000m. marks on our new armed forces in 1958-59, so that it is impossible for us to pay these stationing costs. Either we pay them or we do not meet our Nato commitments – both are impossible. One criticism by the Allies has been that the Federal

Republic has not spent its *Bundeswehr* allocation, in past years including 1957-58. The Germans are also charged with reducing taxes in their 1958-59 budget and thus not doing all they can for the common funds; but they reply that it is not a reducing of taxes but a shifting of these burdens among the various sections of the population which is taking place.

Earlier it had been assumed in diplomatic circles here that some way out of the problem would have been found. It was expected Chancellor Adenauer would have intervened with a compromise. He left for a month's vacation in the south of France on the day before M. Spaak arrived. But he had been kept fully informed about developments and was obviously unable (or unwilling) to put through his will against the joint representations of his Ministers of Finance, Economics and Defence, and in the face of strong public reaction against any payments. In this, the government is backed by the Social Democratic Party, both because of the latter's general attitude to Nato, and because of popular sentiment.

It is interesting to note some of the counter-arguments now being made against the Allies' demand for payment (for not only the British but the French and Americans also have their claims for stationing costs). Why are these troops here at all is a question met with very often nowadays. It is answered by saying that they are not here *primarily* to defend the Federal Republic, but to carry out that section of the Nato defence plan which applies to this country. If these foreign troops should withdraw, then these plans will be seriously affected. Therefore, we doubt whether they will be withdrawn, whatever we do. Or, again, how can the western democracies talk about withdrawals in the same breath as they emphasise the possibility of attack from the Soviet Union?

Peking

Rightists, Assorted Sizes

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: Thirty-eight prominent officials, including the Ministers of Food, Communications and Forestry, are not in their places at the session of the National People's Congress which opened in Peking this week. They have been convicted of the hideous sin of rightism. In the Chinese People's Republic, there is but one god, and the Communist Party is its name. The theme has been repeated again and again in the Chinese press during the past six months. Chang Po-chun (Communications) and Lo Lung-chi (Forestry) have been under fire since last July – the end of the 'blooming flowers' period. In November, Chang Po-chun was relieved of his duties as managing director of the *Kuang Ming Jih Pao*. In December, Lo Lung-chi was repudiated by the central committee of the Democratic League. 'This is a struggle of two roads', the *New China News Agency* wrote, 'a struggle to determine whether the intellectuals should follow the Socialist road, accept the proletarian dictatorship, and follow the Chinese Communist Party leadership'.

Other leading officials dismissed this week are from the Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang, where 'rightist disease' has also spread. Indeed, the Peking *Tuan Chieh Pao* of 12 September 1957, reported: 'Up to 5 September, according to incomplete statistics, a total of 499 large and small rightists had been exposed within the Kuomintang Revolutionary Committee. Among the committee members of 21 provinces and three municipalities directly under the central authority, there were 101 large and small rightists, equivalent to 18.9 per cent. There was not a single municipal committee which was free of members who were rightists'.

The Shanghai *Wen Hui Pao* on 5 December editorially discussing a rectification study forum, expounded the theory that 'the left wing of the bourgeois intellectuals is definitely part of the working-class intelligentsia'. The Lushun-Dairen *Luta Jih Pao*, reporting a public security work conference to deal with the rightist ideology prevailing among the staff, described it as 'mainly attributable to the lack of class-struggle viewpoint'. The conference urged public security officers 'to overcome rightist ideology, uphold discipline, ensure uniformity in thought and deed, carry out the mass line in the struggle against the enemy'.

The Peking *Jen Min Jih Pao* of 7 December describes an exhibition in Peking and reveals what is the most up-to-date version of the party hero – a certain Liu Chieh-mei from Hupeh. 'As soon as Liu Chieh-mei was one month old his mother went out to beg, carrying him in her arms. He continued to beg until he was 14. His two sisters were given away, before they reached the age of ten, to the families of their future husbands.' His family's worldly goods are displayed; a broken gourd, a battered basket, a tattered coat, a three-legged decrepit wooden bed and a much-patched mosquito curtain, which the attendant at the exhibition describes as part of the hero's great grandmother's dowry. Since liberation, the hero has a red lacquered wooden bed with hand-carved designs, a new mosquito curtain and 80 pieces of all sorts of clothing which Liu Chieh-mei and his family have made or bought in the past five years. But the point of Liu Chieh-mei's heroism is that after being tempted to criticise co-operative methods, and the systems of unified purchase and sale during the 'blossoming and contending' movement, he saw the light. 'At the exhibition which he himself has helped to arrange, a visitor may see him standing in profound penitence before those old decrepit articles and threadbare clothes. Speaking to the visitors, he said: "I was wrong . . . but the Communist Party has educated me and saved me. . . . I shall thoroughly uproot my capitalist ideas and always follow the leadership of the Communist Party and the Socialist road".'

Fleet Street

Provincial Frumps

The *Glasgow Herald* has just celebrated its 175th anniversary with an attractively produced survey of its own and the newspaper industry's fortunes over that period. There are, as the survey points out, 'only a handful of great newspapers in the world that have been published so long; probably only a handful more ever will be'. The death rate among provincial newspapers is making old age for any of them an increasingly chancy miracle. Of the proud list of provincial morning papers that came into existence when the taxes on knowledge were removed in the middle of the last century, only 18 any longer exist, five of them in Scotland. And of these 18, five are members of newspaper chains controlled from London. When the Royal Commission on the Press reported – rather hopefully – on the situation of the provincial dailies 10 years ago there were 25 of them. At the end of the first world war the total had been 41; half a century before that there were well over 80. I think a canvass of the Newspaper Society would reveal a general fear that the 18 will be reduced still further before many more years are gone. The leaders among the provincial mornings may still be making reasonable if in some cases much reduced profits. But the position of all but a handful is increasingly vulnerable.

How much does this matter? It is necessary to clear away a good deal of cant about much of the provincial press. It is now almost mandatory for those who attack modern newspaper developments to add piously that none of these strictures applies, of course, to the provincial press. Most provincial mornings, I suspect, are rarely read by those who admire them most – or at any rate most vociferously. (I am not here referring to the *Glasgow Herald*: it is not perfect, but it always impresses me as an admirable paper. But then it is a Scottish national journal rather than a strictly provincial one.) Some of the rest are pretty awful. How is it that only to Manchester was revealed the secret of making a newspaper based on a strong local community into the equal or superior of anything of a like kind published in the metropolis? It is difficult to think of any provincial paper outside Scotland (the *Manchester Guardian* I do not, of course, count as a provincial) which exercises any real influence on national opinion.

The majority of provincial papers, although for the most part worthy, are also very dull. I do not mean dull by the standards of a popular mass-circulation paper. These they neither could, nor would, wish to emulate – and anyway there is nothing quite so excruciatingly dull as the synthetic brightness of some popular papers. This dullness does not spring merely from the excessive triviality to which many are prone. Some of this they can be forgiven, for those long accounts of boring local functions are the insurance that has to be paid to keep the nationals from the door. But need they – or many of them – be so dully written and so dully presented? Need so many of the leading articles have so little originality and vigour – and so many of their feature articles so little sophistication?

Yet, whatever their faults, these newspapers are an essential part of the true pattern of British journalism and the gaudier the general pattern becomes the more they are needed to keep the picture straight. We are in danger of getting fewer provincial papers, when what we really need is more and better ones – and a large part of the responsibility for this rests solidly on the shoulders of the editors and staffs of a good many of those we have. They are righteous all right. They rarely commit any of the more outrageous sins of Fleet Street. They are careful and sensible about private intrusion – they have to be because after all they live among their readers. They keep on the whole to facts – at any rate in local affairs. But how unreadable righteousness can be! And this is a great pity. For what the British press needs just now are editors and journalists who can show that it is by no means necessary to be dull to be serious, portentous to be responsible, boring to be reliable.

Provincial newspapers are in a better position than many to do this. They have assets in their local connections and their local coverage which no national paper can easily trump. They represent important interests and speak for powerful bodies of opinion. Their costs are lower. They ought to be setting the pace in honest exciting journalism for the hag-ridden neurotics of the national circulation race who dare not take the risk of aiming above the heads of the least of their millions of readers. It would be interesting to see the effect on Fleet Street if a few provincial papers really began to take readers away from it by using their natural assets to full advantage and producing newspapers that made some of the current productions of large-scale newspaper commercialisation look as empty and ill-written as they are.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

What Mr Cousins Achieved

THE press has rightly given Mr Cousins credit for his hard-won victory on Monday. After long and difficult discussions with the London busmen, he persuaded them to let their wage claim go to arbitration – a decision that has removed any immediate danger of a go-slow movement, a ban on overtime, or even a full-scale strike. For this, both the travelling public and his own members should be grateful. He has saved Londoners from great inconvenience and discomfort, and he has thus far saved the drivers and conductors from what could have been an unpopular and inconclusive struggle.

On Tuesday, therefore, the readers of the popular press were presented with a new *persona* for Mr Cousins – the man of moderation who has stepped into Arthur Deakin's role as the hammer of the hotheads. This image is just as partial and misleading as the earlier press caricatures of him as an ambitious demagogue: it does an injustice both to Mr Cousins and the facts.

Consider, first, the difficulty in which Mr Macleod had placed the leadership of the Transport Workers. He knew that they were anxious to avoid a head-on clash with London Transport, that they were having difficulties with the rank-and-file delegates from the garages, and that in private talks with Sir Wilfred Neden they had sought – and believed they had found – a formula which would avoid a strike. It was the kind of formula which, normally, a Minister of Labour would propose if invited to try to break a deadlock in negotiations. At the last minute, Mr Macleod refused to endorse this unofficial arrangement. There can be no doubt that this was a political decision in which Mr Macleod was acting as the spokesman of the Cabinet. And, to the Cabinet, it may well have seemed a smart decision. Should the busmen insist on drastic action, they might be beaten – and since a strike on London buses would combine maximum public annoyance with the minimum loss of production the government could have afforded to let it drift on. Should Mr Cousins manage to avert an open trial of strength, great damage might be done to his reputation as a militant union leader. Either way Mr Cousins might walk into a trap.

Mr Cousins, of course, has been aware of this danger from the outset, an unsuccessful strike by the London busmen would have been a serious defeat, not merely for the Transport Workers, but also for the other unions whose pay claims are now coming to the point of decision. Yet the busmen's claim could not be simply abandoned: this would have been a confession of weakness, and it might have led to a serious wildcat strike. Mr Cousins, therefore, had to make his members see this danger – no easy task, for the London busmen have a tradition of direct action – and persuade them to stay out of the trap.

In this he has succeeded, though only by a narrow margin. By reserving the right to 'take other action' if the proposed arbitration seems unfair, he lives to fight another day. But by proposing arbitration he has neatly forced a test of the government's intentions. If, as its earlier interference with Whitley Council awards suggests, the government is willing to rig or distort arbitration procedures, then serious industrial trouble will be unavoidable. But if it permits an honest treatment of the London bus claim, something will have been done to restore waning union confidence in arbitration. And there might then be some prospect that the various wage claims now pending will be settled without large-scale strikes. The ball is now back in Mr Macleod's court.

Whatever the fate of this particular claim, however, it has raised one problem that will continue to plague the Transport and General Workers' Union. It organises both the London and the provincial busmen, and it cannot go on playing leap-frog with their wages. Any increase for the London men is bound to be followed by a demand from the provinces for another increase to reduce the differential. And, on the available figures about wages and living costs in some provincial towns, it cannot be said that the case of at least a part of the provincial crews is a bad one. The only long-term solution to this problem is a revised national wage-scale for bus employees which preserves the principle of a differential while taking fair account of current costs and conditions in particular parts of the country.

In all discussions of bus wages, however, one factor is consistently overlooked by the public. The passenger sees a simple equation between higher wages and higher fares: he does not usually realise that this is the only form of public service on which the consumer pays a heavy indirect tax. The cost of fuel is one of the prime costs, and each increase in oil and petrol duties has to be carried by the fare-paying public. But the bus crews understand this point, and they are no more convinced that their living standards should be held down to help the Treasury than the railwaymen are willing to have their pay claims turned down so that the Transport Commission can meet its heavy compensation charges without raising fares. If cheap public transport by road (and by rail, too), is in the national interest, for reasons of traffic congestion as well as for its impact on living costs, there may be as good a case for a differential fuel tax as there is for a Treasury subsidy to the railways or, to take another example about which private enterprise does not complain, selling coal cheaply to industry. Mr Macleod cannot fairly ask the busmen to look again at long-standing arrangements unless he and his colleagues are prepared to think afresh about other aspects of transport costs.

'Now we're dressed, what about going on in?'

Mr Dulles Replies to Russell and Krushchev

This personal communication from the US Secretary of State is a further contribution to the exchange of correspondence in this journal initiated by Bertrand Russell last November

SIR,—On behalf of the President I am replying to Lord Russell's letter to him and to Mr Krushchev published in the 23 November issue of the NEW STATESMAN. I have also read Mr Krushchev's reply thereto, which you sent the President under cover of your letter of 18 December. As you know, Chairman Bulganin wrote to President Eisenhower on 10 December setting forth certain views of the Soviet Union on the international situation. I thought it best to defer a reply to your letter until the President replied to Mr Bulganin, which he did on 12 January. His letter substantially answers many of the points raised in Lord Russell's letter and Mr Krushchev's reply.

Surely if we lived in a world of words, we could relax to the melody of Mr Krushchev's lullaby. The world in which we live is, however, made of stuff sterner than mere words. It is necessary now, as it has always been necessary, to look behind words of individuals to find from their actions what their true purpose is.

I note that Mr Krushchev directs himself to Lord Russell's statement that as between the East and West, 'It is not necessary that either side should abandon belief in its own creed. It is only necessary that it should abandon the attempt to spread its own creed by the force of arms.'

The creed of the United States is based on the tenets of moral law. That creed, as well as the universal conviction of the United States, rejects war except in self-defence. This abhorrence of war, this determination to substitute peaceful negotiation for force in the settlement of international disputes, is solidly founded on the religious convictions that guided our forefathers in writing the documents that marked the birth of America's independence. Indeed, there are important elements in our religious groups who even decry the use of force for self-defence. I do not think that it is possible to find in the history of the United States any occasion when an effort has been made to spread its creed by force of arms. There is, therefore, no need on our side to 'abandon' what Lord Russell condemns. On the contrary, it would be abhorrent and unthinkable that there should be introduced into our creed the concept of its maintenance or extension by methods of violence and compulsion.

Unhappily, it is otherwise with the creed of Communism, or at least that variety of Communism which is espoused by the Soviet Communist Party. Marx, Lenin, and Stalin have all consistently taught the use of force and violence. Marx said 'the proletariat, by means of revolution, makes itself the ruling class'. Lenin taught that the dictatorship of the proletariat means 'unlimited power based on force and not on law'; and Stalin said that the ruling bourgeois classes can 'only be removed by the conscious action of the new classes, by forcible acts of these classes by revolution'. These teachings of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin have never been disavowed by the Soviet Communist Party of which Mr Krushchev is now the First Secretary. On the contrary, as recently as 16 November, last, the Communist Parties rededicated themselves in the Moscow declaration to the cause of world revolution directed by the Soviet Communist Party. There are indeed multiple examples of the continuing use of force by the Soviet Communist Party and by other Communists of the same school. A recent illustration is Hungary where, at the behest of the Hungarian Communist Party, the Soviet Communist Party requested the Soviet government to invade with massive military force to repress the people and to assure that they would continue to be subject to a rule dictated by the Hungarian Communist Party.

It is indeed quite improbable that the Soviet Communist Party should now abjure the use of force and violence to maintain the supremacy of its creed where that party, directly or through satellite Communist Parties, is today dominant. The Soviet Communist Party seized power by violence of an intensity and extent that shocked the civilised world. It has extended its power by violence, absorbing one nation after another by force or the threat of force. Within the Soviet Union it has perpetuated its power only by force and violence, the nature of which is usually kept hidden but which is occasionally revealed, as when Mr Krushchev in his speech to the 20th Congress—a speech sought to be kept secret—portrayed the cruel practices employed by Stalin through Beria to maintain his despotism.

Nowhere in the world today does the Communist Party maintain its rule except by forcibly imposing that rule upon the great majority of the people as against their wishes. Although Communist Parties today rule nearly a thousand million people, comprising what at one time were nearly 20 independent nations, never anywhere have these Communist Parties been willing to have free elections or to limit their rule to peoples whom they persuade by peaceful means. The fact of the matter is, and this I believe is a fact which no one can realistically dispute, that the Communist Parties depend upon force and violence and could not exercise power anywhere in the world today if they should relinquish that. It is equally true that they could not achieve ultimately their announced goal of world domination without involving the same forcible methods which they have consistently used to gain and retain rule where they have it.

That, I feel, is the heart of the problem. That is why those who have freedom must be organised to preserve it. If, indeed, Lord Russell could persuade the Communist Parties of the world to renounce dependence upon force and violence and to exercise power only when this reflected the freely given consent of the governed, then indeed the world would become a happier and safer place in which to live.

I earnestly hope that the idealism and persuasiveness of Lord Russell may move the Communist Parties in this direction.

I note that Mr Krushchev's letter deals primarily with a world war which would be a nuclear war. I do not doubt that the Soviet rulers, like all other people who want to go on living, reject that concept. The United States not only rejects that concept, but strives earnestly to do something to remove the danger of nuclear war.

A decade ago, when the United States had a monopoly of atomic weapons and of the knowledge of how to make them, we proposed that we and all others should forgo such destructive weapons and assure that the power of the atom should be used for peaceful purposes. We proposed an international agency to control all use of atomic energy everywhere. That proposal was rejected by the Soviet Union, with the consequence that nuclear weapons today exist in vast and growing quantities.

In a further effort to stem the increase of nuclear weapons stockpiles and their irresponsible spread throughout the world, the United States joined in proposals that fissionable material should no longer be produced for weapons purposes and that existing nuclear weapons stockpiles should be steadily diminished by agreed contributions to peaceful purposes internationally controlled. This proposal, too, has been rejected by the Soviet Union.

Now a new source of danger to humanity looms in the use of outer space for weapons purposes. Both the Soviet Union and the United States are beginning to make such use of outer space. But the United States, in pursuance of its peaceful purposes, proposed that we should not repeat the mistake of ten years ago but should quickly take steps to assure that outer space shall be used only for peaceful purposes. President Eisenhower eloquently pleaded for this peaceful step in his letter of 12 January to Chairman Bulganin. Thus, the Soviet is afforded, now for the third time, a chance to demonstrate that its words of peace mean something more than a mere effort to lull the non-Communist world into a mood of illusory security.

At the moment its propaganda efforts are primarily directed, as was Mr Krushchev's letter, to trying to assure that western Europe shall be armed only with weapons of the pre-atomic age, while the Soviet Union uninterruptedly develops the most modern weapons of the nuclear age and of the age of outer space. At the recent North Atlantic Council meeting, the heads of the 15 member governments had this to say:

> The Soviet leaders, while preventing a general disarmament agreement, have made it clear that the most modern and destructive weapons, including missiles of all kinds, are being introduced in the Soviet armed forces. In the Soviet view, all European nations except the USSR should, without waiting for general disarmament, renounce nuclear weapons and missiles and rely on arms of the pre-atomic age.
>
> As long as the Soviet Union persists in this attitude, we have no alternative but to remain vigilant and to look to our defences.

But also they said:

> We are also prepared to examine any proposal, from whatever source, for general or partial disarmament, and any proposal enabling agreement to be reached on the controlled reduction of armaments of all types.

While of course nuclear war is the form of war most to be dreaded, particularly if, to nuclear power, is added the use of outer space, the essential is to avoid war of any kind, nuclear or non-nuclear, and to renounce all use of force as a means of subjecting human beings to a rule to which they do not freely consent. That, I take it, is the heart of what Lord Russell seeks. I can assure you it is also what is sought by the government of the United States, by every element in government, and also by all of our people who adhere to the creed of America as it is expressed in the words of the American Declaration of Independence: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.'

That, I assure you, is the creed of America. It is the creed by which we live and in defence of which many Americans have laid down their lives—in France, in the Philippines, in Korea, and many other foreign lands—in a supreme act of fellowship with those of other lands who believe in the dignity of men and men's right to have governments not imposed upon them but chosen by them. Such a creed cannot be imposed by force because to use force to impose a creed would of itself be a violation of our creed.

I revert again to Lord Russell's statement that 'it is not necessary that either side should abandon belief in its own creed'. Certainly that is true of the United States, where creed comprehends the renunciation of force and violence to spread its creed. The same, unhappily, cannot be said of Soviet Communism, whose creed comprehends the use of force and violence. Therefore, I believe that it is necessary that at least that part of the Soviet Communist creed should be abandoned in order to achieve the peaceful result which is sought by Lord Russell and all other peace-loving people.

It is the steadfast determination of the United States—you may call it a creed if you will—to work in a spirit of conciliation for peaceful solutions based on freedom and justice of the great problems facing the world today.

Sincerely yours,

London Diary

WILLI FRISCHAUER'S letter in the *Manchester Guardian* about the three remaining prisoners of Spandau is a very moving document. Though Frischauer's parents were killed as a result of a decree signed by one of the three (Schirach), he still pleads for the release of these now largely demented men. Of course he is right. Other war criminals now hold high positions in the West German administration, and in any case revenge is the most unlovely of all human aberrations. I was one of the minority who deeply disapproved of the Nuremberg proceedings. It seemed to me that to submit war criminals to summary courts martial and then to execute them might be permissible, but that to make a mockery of the whole concept of law in order to stage a great show trial was more heinous than what the accused were charged with. The equivalent Japanese trials (which I attended for a few days) were even more farcical. I doubt if, despite the enormously protracted proceedings, General Tojo ever got round to understanding what it was all supposed to be about. Anyway, God is not mocked, and I can imagine no more perfectly ironical outcome of such cruel fatuity than three forgotten men, one totally mad, the other two inert and empty, continuing to occupy a large prison with a four-power guard (the only four-power arrangements, I believe, now surviving) at considerable expense – some £7,000 a year per prisoner – to the governments concerned. What a picture for some future Gibbon, looking back across centuries on this strange time!

* * *

The notion that television personalities like Mr Ludovic Kennedy necessarily derive electoral advantages therefrom is, in my opinion, highly dubious. I remember years ago when Edgar Wallace stood as Liberal candidate in a by-election at Blackpool. He arrived in a huge white Rolls-Royce, and altogether attracted more attention than the other two candidates. His meetings were packed, journalists followed him around, and everyone was delighted with his vivacious, genial disposition. All the same, he was at the bottom of the poll, and forfeited his deposit. Michael Foot and Sir Robert Boothby probably get just about the vote they would get anyway, with no extra dividend from being well known on television. In Boothby's case there might even be a slight handicap. There certainly has been from the point of view of his ministerial prospects. Christopher Mayhew, Woodrow Wyatt, Aidan Crawley – I doubt very much if their television fame is a party political asset, though being, or having been, an MP is a considerable television asset.

* * *

I was interested to see that after an interval of some 20 years a new edition of John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World* has appeared in Moscow. The book was the first in English to provide a first-hand account of the October Revolution, and had a terrific impact on those of my generation who were exhilarated by this momentous happening. It is not particularly well written, and on re-reading it in the light of all that has subsequently happened appears somewhat superficial. All the same, it conveys a kind of romantic enthusiasm in Reed which at the time was irresistible, and is even now touching. Lenin wrote an introduction to the first edition, in which he praised it extravagantly, and it was advertised in England as having been read by Lenin three times. Reed, an American journalist, died soon after the book appeared, and was buried in the Kremlin wall. Bukharin delivered his funeral address. In America, as Max Eastman has described, he became a kind of patron saint of the left until, in the early Thirties, the word went out from the Kremlin that he was out of favour. The reason is obvious. Stalin is not mentioned in the book. Reed, presumably, had never heard of him, or if he had attached no importance to him. Also, Trotsky appears, with Lenin, as the great revolutionary hero. In the new edition Lenin's original introduction stands, I understand, but a postscript has been added which tries to rehabilitate Reed without, at the same time, rehabilitating Trotsky. I have seen only translated extracts from this postscript, but it would seem to be pretty tortuous – e.g.: 'The inexorable logic of historical events sometimes forced the representatives of the capitulating line to talk and act against their own convictions. This happened to Trotsky in the period of the uprising, when, as chairman of the Petersburg Soviet and forced by the objective development of the revolution, he had to pursue the Leninist tactics of uprising.'

* * *

I find it fascinating to note how conscious social purpose is so peculiarly liable to produce the opposite result from that intended. For instance, the drive for social equality has on the whole intensified snobbishness; the drive for security has produced new nightmares of insecurity, and the trend towards secularism has generated obsessive religiosity. This last example is particularly interesting. People just love to talk about religion, and if you mention the subject on TV or in a popular newspaper you're deluged with letters. Clergymen who get into financial or amorous difficulties always make front-page news, and nuns and monks are, next to the royal family, reliable stand-bys for picture- and feature-editors. I confess I share this obsession. To me the Christian religion is like a hopeless love affair. I carry its image about with me, and look at it from time to time with sick longing.

* * *

I went over to Ireland last week-end with Wolf Mankowitz to see Claud Cockburn, who has been taken ill. Mankowitz is a delightful companion. He has the extraordinary intellectual vitality of his race. Ideas, generalisations, comedy knockabout concepts pour out of him in a quenchless flow. Driving from Dublin to Cork he decided that Ireland represented the last stage in the decay of a Christian society. He made the point so well that the air seemed full of the stench of decomposition, and the worms could be heard gnawing away at the woodwork. At Youghal, rather characteristically, the road had suddenly collapsed. It appeared that a young girl had fallen into a hole, and that in rescuing her the fire brigade had discovered that the whole road rested on nothing. Mankowitz thereupon grew very excited over the idea that this was a miracle, and that the girl had been divinely guided to go along the road in order to prevent a larger catastrophe – perhaps the collapse of the road under a crowded bus or the mayor and corporation in procession. We decided that the incident could be worked up into another Lourdes, and that we should at once buy up all the hotels and make our fortune.

* * *

Cockburn we found in a sanatorium, excellently equipped on the proceeds of the Irish Sweep. Each bed was enclosed in sheets of glass. You could look along and see all the other patients, but not hear them. We decided it was paradise, or where the rainbow ends – meals and other attentions provided free of charge, companionship without intrusion – an effortless, communal existence in which one was nonetheless alone. Cockburn, looking somehow monkish, did not allow illness, or the circumstances it imposed, to quench his high spirits. He gave us thumb-nail sketches of the occupants of the adjoining cubicles, described a new religion about which he had been reading, went over the successive editors of a magazine with which he had once been associated, and was full of ideas for novels, short stories, articles, as well as of a History of Dogma in which he had been immersed. It is always curious to me that one who has been involved, as he has, in the most bloodthirsty creed of modern times should have so gentle and sweet a disposition. As Mankowitz said of him affectionately: 'He has done the state some disservice in his time'.

* * *

Taking off in an aeroplane on a cloudy, sombre day, and then after a little while rising into clear brilliant, illimitable space, makes one see why the idea has persisted of some sequel, glorious and enduring, to the squalor of human life. It accounts for mountain climbers, mystics, exaltés and fanatics and crackpots of all sorts and descriptions. An essential difference between man and man is between those who accept the cloud horizon, and those who see, or imagine they see, some-

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The letters from Bertrand Russell and Nikita Krushchev to which Mr Dulles refers appeared in our issues of 23 *November and* 21 *December last. Extra copies of these issues are now available, price* 1*s. each post free, from the Publisher, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC*1.

thing beyond it, however foolishly, arrogantly, hysterically, brutally even, the concept may find expression. There are pigs who occasionally lift their snouts from the trough, and there are those who keep their snouts buried in the trough.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I have always felt hand-kissing to be a fussy, over-mannered form of greeting. And I can find little attraction in the back of a man's head as he stoops over my glove.

Give me the British handshake every time. A wealth of meaning can go into that. Indeed, I think a man's handshake gives a woman one of her quickest chances of assessing the real value of his character. – Letter in *Sunday Express*. (G. Bennett.)

We would like to thank all those who generously subscribed, during the past three months, to the 'Satellite Dog Memorial Fund'.

We are sorry that we are unable to acknowledge each kind gift individually.

It is hoped to devote the money raised to a memorial tablet. – Letter in *Essex Weekly News*. (N. Gibbins.)

I have heard it said of the 'backwoods' peer that he had three qualities. He knew how to kill a fox, he knew how to get rid of a bad tenant, and he knew how to discard an unwanted mistress. A man who possesses those three qualities would certainly have something to contribute to the work of the House. – Lord Winster reported in *Manchester Guardian*. (A. Owens.)

Free Advertisement

'The system of part-time directors . . . has always been followed in Britain. . . . Its merits have not been questioned hitherto by political leaders.' (*The Times*.)

The *Guardian* nurtures the giraffe,
High-browed, lugubrious and lank;
The shrill *Express* maintains a staff
To belch and bellow, boom and clank;
The *Herald* walks its party plank;
The *Mail* is petit-bourgeois blue;
The *Sketch* is (*censored*) blank, blank, blank –
Top People take *The Times* – do *you*?

From high explosive in the chaff
The *Daily Mirror* never shrank
(Which might provide its epitaph);
The *Chronicle* can only thank
James Cameron (courageous crank)
If it survives its Waterloo –
But, though his charge may turn the flank,
Top People take *The Times* – do *you*?

The twerps who read the *Telegraph*
Grudge ha'pence in the price of swank;
This miserable half-and-half
Won't stuff their shirts like (let's be frank)
Part-time Directors of the Bank
Or real tycoons or people who
Have money, influence and rank –
Top People take *The Times* – do *you*?

Prince Lucifer, although you sank
Beneath the Bank – full-time – it's true,
In the Eternal Septic Tank
Top People take *The Times* – do *you*?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

No Flying Squads

THE final day of the Johannesburg treason hearings bore an air of unreality, as if a political pantomime were being enacted. While kindly matrons on nearby street corners sold flags for the 'Treason Trials Defence Fund' (Welfare Organisation 2092), the 95 accused in the Drill Hall's gigantic dock busily autographed copies of *The South African Treason Trial* handed round by its author, Lionel Forman. Armed policemen stood at the entrances to the barn-like hall, desultorily waiting for Mr F. C. A. Wessels, the presiding magistrate, to appear.

On the previous day an even larger audience had heard Mr Oswald Pirow, QC, fire his first shot as leader for the Crown by warning defence counsel Mr V. C. Berrangé, who was about to reply to the Crown case, of the dangers of repeating the accusations of political motivation by the Crown which he had first made in his opening address 13 months ago. Mr Berrangé replied to Pirow's warning that nothing had happened in the last 13 months to cause him to change his original views. 'The Crown,' he said, 'has established nothing more than a desire to put an end to any effective opposition to the government of this country. It is apparently a crime to endeavour to use the only means open to those who have no votes and no say in the government, namely the use of perfectly legal extra-parliamentary tactics, to bring about an alleviation of the dreadful conditions in which they live.' Pointing out that the Crown had relied for its allegations of violence on the evidence of a self-confessed liar and cheat and of a self-confessed murderer, Mr Berrangé asserted that if his 95 clients were guilty of treason then all those who had protested against recent Nationalist legislation were likewise in danger of being charged with treason. He was prevented by the magistrate from adding Archbishop Joost de Blank's name to the list of the Black Sash, academics and the Johannesburg City Council which he quoted as examples.

Mr Pirow's reply, after complimenting Mr Berrangé on a speech more appropriate to a United Nations meeting than to the Drill Hall, presented a two-pronged case. On the one hand, the paucity of evidence of subversion led by the Crown need bother no one, as those planning to overthrow the state would obviously hide their intentions. He himself was surprised at the amount of such evidence which the Crown *had* managed to produce. On the other hand, the accused were clearly guilty on account of their public adoption and their equally public propagation of the Freedom Charter.

None of the accused, said Mr Pirow, had disclaimed Communism: thus they were all Communists or Communist sympathisers. In announcing a 'people's democracy' as their aim, none of them had stressed that the state they had in mind was not similar to Czechoslovakia: thus they desired to set up a Soviet satellite state. The Congress movement's emphasis on extra-parliamentary struggle against laws of which they disapproved showed that they planned the use of illegal and violent means. Talk of sweat and blood and tears could obviously not refer to their own – what objections could women, for instance, have to carrying passes? 'It is fatuous to suggest that the police just attack people going about their business'. Here the magistrate threatened to clear the court if laughter among the spectators did not cease.

The Congress movement's continual preaching of non-violence, continued Mr Pirow, was bogus. Knowing the state of mind existing amongst South Africa's Bantu, especially in urban areas, the Congresses must have known that violence would result from agitation. In asking for the committal on the capital charge of treason of all 95 accused, Mr Pirow claimed that it was not necessary for him to show that the African National Congress and other organisations had organised violence. 'It is sufficient to show that speeches, with a hysterical population, must lead to violence. It is therefore not necessary to prove that the ANC was responsible for riots, even where they were started by other parties'. Congress knew, concluded Mr Pirow, that agitation would lead to protest which, in turn, would force the police to intervene, resulting inevitably in the counter-violence which was Congress's real aim.

To support his arguments, Mr Pirow produced selected quotations from the two and a half million words of verbal evidence and ten thousand documents led as evidence by the Crown. The accuracy and relevance of such quotations as 'if you are a true volunteer and you are called upon to be violent, you must be absolutely violent, you must murder, murder!' is sure to be disputed by the defence, though I imagine that another alleged quotation from the same accused's speeches may remain uncontested: 'We the youth are determined that no flying squad will be moving about during our time while our people are starving in the reserves'.

When committed for trial the next morning, all 95 accused opted for a jury trial. As in all previous treason trials, however, the government is expected to exercise its right to appoint two or three judges as a special tribunal. Bail has been granted, and it is likely that the indictment will be made some weeks before the general elections on 16 April.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Three Men and a Girl

THE audience scattered about the Rochdale Hippodrome surveyed Mr John Parkinson, the Tory candidate; and Mr Parkinson barked at the audience, slapping his reading desk and the Labour Party at three second intervals. 'Socialism,' he said 'means controls (*slap*), rationing (*slap*), licences (*slap*), restrictions (*slap*), queueing (*slap*), rationing (*slap*) – oh, sorry, I said that before'. He was back on his auction stand disposing of job lots. Only one man shouted 'Rubbish!' Mr Parkinson flashed him a smile.

But now there was a sudden stir. Mr Parkinson had got off the Labour Party and onto unemployment. 'We must not resist automation,' he declared. 'Automation is progress'. At this a sepulchral voice sounded from the stalls. 'There is no such thing as progress,' said the voice. Mr Parkinson's eyes protruded slightly and he opened his mouth very wide; but as nothing came out he shut it again, then took a sip of water. The audience tittered. Philosophy, it seemed, was not one of the candidate's attainments. He pressed on.

By and by, he was at it again. 'Since the Conservatives took over the government', he said, 'the country has made enormous progress'. 'No,' said the voice again, patiently, but in tones of deepening sorrow, 'not progress. There's no such thing. Only change', Mr Parkinson's colour deepened and he took another sip of water while the titter gathered strength. The audience sat up, waiting expectantly; and, bless me, if within half a minute

Base story

(which took a turn for the better)

In making photographic film, the most expensive item is the film base, which doubtless sounds extremely simple and logical.

What is (or rather, was) somewhat less logical is that the British film industry, after the war, paid out alarming sums in dollars each year in order to import this film base (" something like celluloid " to you perhaps, but *cellulose triacetate* to the more technically minded).

This formidable drain on our national resources had to be stopped. And it was stopped—at a cost, but thankfully, in sterling.

Briefly, we at Ilford, in conjunction with BX Plastics, undertook to make this base. Apart from a small pilot plant which had been operated in Britain during the war, we had little technical 'know-how'. Certainly not the know-how required for making film base on a large scale and thus creating an important new industry in Britain. We had to work out the processes, and design and build the plant ourselves. The job involved a vast technical effort and an investment in our beliefs of something over £2,000,000.

Today at the Bexford plant we are making, still in conjunction with BX Plastics, the whole of the Ilford needs for film base. In fact, we are even selling to the U.S.A.

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Mr Parkinson didn't say it again. The troubles of the Isle of Wight, he said, were only the growing pains of progress. The stalls, as one man in tones of delighted sorrow, shouted 'No, not progress. Only change' and one of the seven people in the dress circle called back 'And it's time for a change'.'All change for Westminster,' yelled someone in the pit. While the meeting scampered happily out of hand, Mr Parkinson stood there with mouth open and eyes bulging. Then suddenly he was saved. As he took yet another sip of water, someone shouted 'Good health', and Mr Parkinson's face dissolved into a real smile; and as he laughed with the audience, the audience stopped laughing at him.

This little incident shows something of the quality of the Conservative candidate. He has a public, and private, likeableness which would go down well at Christmas parties. But his political knowledge seldom rises above the slogan stage and his platform sense is negligible. He is impressive only when he is dealing with such things as the Rent Act – but this, in part, is his business. 'I'm afraid of attending his press conferences,' said a Tory journalist, 'in case he sells me a house in Rochdale'.

The incident also shows something of Rochdale. Its citizens, like those of other Lancashire towns, tend to look on party politics as a bit of a lark. There is as much of Gracie Fields in them as there is of Cobden, Bright and the pioneers. This is especially so today when the town as a whole, by any standard that it knew pre-war, is doing well. True, the cotton masters are so dissatisfied with the present government that they threatened to issue a 'Don't vote for Parkinson' leaflet. But in reality the cotton industry is still doing reasonably well; and anyway most of the operatives feel that, even if some of them were to be laid off, they would find work in asbestos, artificial fibres, engineering or in the other industries which are Rochdale's insurance against a slump.

So, though many of the old are greatly dissatisfied about old age pensions and some tenants are greatly dissatisfied with the Rent Act, the majority of people in Rochdale seem to feel strongly only about the weather. 'Around these parts,' said one, 'if you can see Pendle Hill, it's going to rain; and if you can't see Pendle Hill, it *is* raining.'

Such an atmosphere does not breed intense political excitement. Yet Rochdale people are finding an interest in this election which is all their own. Outsiders see it as a critical election in a marginal seat; for the late Colonel Schofield held it against Labour by only 1,590 votes in 1955, and that in a straight fight. This time there is a Liberal; and in 1950 when a Liberal last stood he attracted 10,042 votes, mainly from the Tories. How many votes will the Liberal get this time and at whose expense? Will the national swing put Labour in anyway? These questions, and the fact that for the first time there is to be something like television reporting of an election, have made Rochdale unusually interesting to outsiders. But Rochdale itself is less concerned with the standing of the government or with particular issues than with the personality of the candidates.

Some of the town's council houses have facing bricks on the road side but only common bricks on the side looking out on the yard. They are therefore known as 'Queen Anne fronts and Mary Ann backs'. I have heard this phrase used about the Conservative candidate. But the other two candidates are very different. Mr Ludovic Kennedy, the Liberal, began with little political knowledge and no experience. He confessed that, though he is now 38, he has never even voted. But he is obviously a sincere and intelligent man who is learning fast; and people who attend his meetings in large numbers to see TV glamour find themselves impressed by his unspectacular but thoughtful speeches. His doorstep manner is admirable and his dark good looks, with their hint of Latin sunshine, bring dew to the eyes of millgirls, who yearn to keep him warm, especially when he buttons his overcoat to the neck against the rawness of February. He has another asset. Lancashire men, and even Lancashire women, love a pretty girl; and one other fact, besides the weather, on which Rochdale is unanimous is that Mrs Kennedy is a very pretty girl, indeed a very nice girl too – one, moreover, who is prepared to trudge about all day long doing her share of canvassing. On top of all this, his 'plague on both your houses' campaign against the two major parties exactly fits the mood of youngsters here without upsetting their elders.

Labour's candidate, Mr Jack McCann is, at 48, the oldest of the three, and much the most knowledgeable. He fought Rochdale last time. As an active member of the AEU he has absorbed politics through his pores and through his head. He deals in facts and figures. He looks and sounds genuine; but he has a lightheartedness which is wholly Lancashire. When at a works-gate meeting, he finished his speech and said: 'Are there any questions?' a girl looked reflectively at his wavy hair and said: 'What are you doing tonight, luv?' He gave an answer which warmed all Lancashire hearts – a wink. Indeed when he and his wife knock on a door they tend to be treated, not as pleasant strangers, but as a son and daughter-in-law who have popped in from next door.

How will the three candidates fare when, next Wednesday, the results are announced from the Town Hall, that stone island in a sea of Accrington brick? I believe that Labour's McCann, because of the swing against the government and his own effectiveness, would have won in a straight fight by some two thousand votes. I believe that in this three-cornered fight he will win by considerably more and that Kennedy, the Liberal, partly on his personal attractiveness, partly on the vigour which young Liberals are putting into the campaign, has a good chance of coming second. I believe that the Conservative Parkinson already senses this. One of the talking points at the beginning of the week was his determined introduction of capital punishment as an election issue. Both Kennedy and McCann are known to be passionately opposed to it and at almost all their meetings now Tory questioners are present to make this clear. Parkinson, on the other hand, is passionately in favour, and is saying so in his election address. I do not believe the hanging vote is big enough to revive his waning fortunes.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Good show Charlotte!

" Charlotte, having seen his body,
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter."

THUS THACKERAY, unkindly summing up Goethe's "The Sorrows of Werther." Shocking flippancy. Bread is a serious subject. Foundation of our British thingummy. Feller that jokes about it is a bounder.

Look at all the weighty pronouncements there have been about bread. According to a recent report*, in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin B_1, than any other single food. It is, say the pundits, trentendously nourishing. Meaning it's good for you.

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So make sure your family eats plenty of bread every day—good and fresh.

*National Food Survey Committee Report, 1955 (Page 132) published by H.M.S.O.
In 1955, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 26.5% of the energy; 27.8% of the protein; 25.5% of the nicotinic acid; 23.4% of the iron; 28.7% of the Vitamin B_1.
Note: All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour:
Nicotinic Acid—not less than 1.60 milligrams.
Iron—not less than 1.65 milligrams. Vitamin B_1 —not less than 0.24 milligrams.

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Saharan Painting

OIL is not the only contemporary reason why the great deserts of the Sahara may soon mean something new to humanity. Emerging into the public eye after some 25 years of desert exploration, M. Henri Lhote has just presented France with the most striking exhibition of rock painting that anyone has seen since the opening of Lascaux – and one which, in some ways, is much more intriguing than anything that Lascaux has produced. Modest artifacts long since reported throughout the Sahara as evidence of ancient population in an epoch indefinable, but certainly remote, come suddenly into focus. We can look back at peoples who inhabited the great desert through empty millenia that followed Africa's last Pluvial.

These many rock paintings and engravings – and M. Lhote's magnificent exhibition can show, of course, only a tiny fraction of them – are in some respects the most spectacular of their kind that archæologists have recovered from any part of the world. They push back the frontiers of knowledge of humanity into times where guesswork has had to serve – and this in a region of quite peculiar importance to the human story. Here in the howling wilderness of today there are pictures – even, one is tempted to say, portraits – of Late Stone Age peoples whose destiny, as some believe, may have married with the earliest beginnings of the civilisation of Egypt.

The peculiar importance of the region will be obvious from a moment's reflection. Whether or not it is true that *homo sapiens* first saw the light in east and southern Africa – and the balance of the evidence, at the moment, would hold that he probably did – what is abundantly sure is that primitive mankind recognised no great natural barriers in Africa. Not only was the Sahara relatively populous: men travelled easily across it. But after the fourth millennium BC a period of desiccation appears to have set in. Gradually the Late Stone Age peoples of the Sahara vanished from the scene; and, such was the nature of soil and climate, they vanished without leaving any of their bones for posterity to examine. From their stone tools and harpoons and such it was possible to guess their density of population: it was impossible to know what kind of people they had become.

Meanwhile there emerged in Egypt the civilisation that was to have its 'first dynasty' around 2,900 BC; and southwards, in 'the land fluttering

with wings that lies beyond the rivers of Ethiopia,' there also emerged the beginnings of those Negro and negroid peoples whom Europe would discover some four and a half thousand years later. Whence did they come? Where were their northern frontiers? By the coming of the Iron Age to tropical Africa – some time after the first centuries BC – the Sahara was a wilderness that few men could cross. The time of regular migrations had gone: tropical Africa was largely cut off from the cradles of civilisation.

It now seems likely that the key to several big questions – on the beginnings of the Neolithic period among Negro peoples, and on the relation between the civilisation of the Nile valley and the Neolithic peoples living to the west and south-west of it – may be found in the Sahara. Although rock paintings are found elsewhere, the Saharan region where M. Lhote has done most of his work is that of the Tassili mountains, far down into the sand and rock and strange wind-fluted hills of the central desert. Here, through 16 months of toil between January 1956 and July 1957, M. Lhote and his colleagues suffered quenching discomfort in order to copy and register a range of paintings that spans a period which is probably as long as 8,000 years. 'This,' he says with reason, 'may be regarded in the present state of knowledge as the richest centre of prehistoric art in the world.' Not only does he report paintings and engravings of relatively late Egyptian provenance – after 1,500 BC – and later pictures of chariots and horses and the wild rush of desert warfare: he takes us far back beyond them into a time of remote migrations of which nothing was previously known.

Four great periods of Saharan habitation have been distinguished. The earliest was that of a hunting people who engraved their rocks in centuries that lie between 8,000 and 6,000 BC (at a time, that is, when the Palestinian settlement of Jericho, as Miss Kenyon has lately shown, acquired its earliest city walls). After these hunting people came a more advanced people who lived by herding cattle, perhaps from the beginning of the fifth millennium BC. Then the centuries slipped by until the horse was introduced around 1,200 BC, and, with the horse, chariots and new forms of war and conquest. Lastly there comes the period of the camel, beginning only a few centuries before the Christian era and continuing until now.

M. Lhote has filled in this bare outline with discoveries that wonderfully animate it. Basing himself on recognisable variation in painting and engraving styles, he distinguishes at least 16 phases between the time of the hunting people and the time of the cattle-keeping people – 'a fact,' he says, 'that is astonishing and revolutionary, since it was unthinkable until now that the Sahara could have known so many different populations.' The empty centuries enlarge and echo with forgotten peoples.

Paintings of animals abound, and have the same verve and character and immediacy of understanding that early rock paintings have generally shown elsewhere. But where the Saharan paintings most surprise is in their portrayal of humanity. Of all those copied by his expedition none is more arresting, perhaps, than that of a seated man and woman found in a cave near Sefar, and dated to the cattle-keeping period. In its sensitive portrayal of individuality this group must surely form one of the most extraordinary documents in the whole human story: some 5,000 or 6,000 years old though it may be, it qualifies in M. Lhote's opinion for comparison with work of the finest artistic schools the world has known.

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These finds may be revolutionary in their importance. They suggest, to begin with, that the Sahara was occupied for long periods of prehistory not – or not only – by non-Negro people of Bushman or other type, but by people of recognisably Negro stock. They show, moreover, as M. Lhote says, that 'the first Negro phases have absolutely nothing to do either with the centres of Franco-Cantabrian art, or with those of South Africa, rightly or wrongly called Bushman: this art originated here.' Thus it turns out, on M. Lhote's impressive evidence, that Negroes habitually lived, and for long centuries, much farther north than was supposed; but that the Sahara was nevertheless a barrier, even at that remote time, to the passage of ideas. Here in the Sahara, Negro peoples evolved in the Late Stone Age an art of human portraiture whose 'classicism of line greatly reminds one of a modern work'. They disappeared from history: but what became of their culture?

Did Africa, after all, give the gods to Egypt'? And what became of these peoples who painted and engraved with such astonishing distinction? Here, too, M. Lhote has something to add to the story. Near Aounrhet in the heart of the Tassili range he found the painting of a Negro mask 'whose stylisation is typical of west Africa, belonging to a model in use among the Senouffo peoples of the Ivory Coast, where it is used for initiation rites'. But if M. Lhote has solved some old problems, he has also raised some new ones. For to add to the fascination of this particular find – in a place where Negro peoples had been never known to dwell – he can show that it was painted over the nude figure of a woman entirely white, with another white woman alongside it. Who painted those white women? And what did their whiteness really mean?

BASIL DAVIDSON

The Circumlocution Office

THIS is a letter I wrote to the Master in Lunacy Royal Courts of Justice, on 20 November, 1957:

Sir,

I am gathering material to make an application in person to a judge in chambers to find out whether, under Section 330(2) of the Lunacy Act, 1890, a case can be brought against those who certified me as insane on 9 October, 1953, under Section 16 of the Lunacy Act 1890 and confined me for three and a half years thereafter.

Under Section 82 of the Lunacy Act 1890 I have applied for and obtained from the Board of Control photostats of the certification papers which have amazed me by the carelessness of fact with which they were filled in.

I would be most grateful if you could inform me whether there is any statutory provision under which I can demand from the hospital in which I was detained the relevant papers relating to my case, and the actual letters which I wrote to them during my detention and when I was an out-patient. These letters are particularly important to me for another reason, namely, defence in the divorce proceedings which my husband is now bringing against me. His reasons for divorcing me are the same as those he alleged when I was certified – but they have never been proved. This time the allegations will have to be proved and in my own defence it is essential that I have available the weekly letters which I sent to the hospital when an out-patient, describing the life of the week.

Application has been made to the hospital for these papers but, as usual, they have ignored the request.

A few days later I had this reply from the Court of Protection,

Dear Madam,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20 November addressed to the Master in Lunacy, and to inform you that no advice can be given on the matters raised in your letter, as they are outside the province of this court.

Yours faithfully,
W. E. Cane (Chief Clerk).

Few people could, without reference to a library, explain what falls 'within the province of' the Court of Protection! Certainly before I was certified – when a supposedly sane citizen – I had even less knowledge. Unfortunately I've had to learn, the hard way, what little I know. But the letter I wrote to the Master in Lunacy was so obviously serious that I hoped he would give me some help in my next move to get the information I wanted. I was working on the assumption that in law, these days, an action which is started 'wrongly' is directed on to its proper course and is not invalidated as used to be the case before the Judicature Act of 1875. Moreover, I thought, since lunacy fell within the scope of the Court of Chancery, that that court would certainly not be obstructive.

The notion that justice should not only be done but be seen to be done is lost sight of in lunacy matters, as is evidenced by the fact that I must litigate personally (since all solicitors take a certification as 'proven'). It is rather unusual for a layman to appear personally, and it is blatantly unfair to equate him with learned counsel (to say nothing of letting him draw up his own affidavits); and yet, of all people, the hitherto sick person (usually exhausted anyway by the strain of self-rehabilitation in an unfriendly world) has to do precisely that.

Whose province is it to deal with these matters, and does anyone know how many people there are in this situation? I should have thought that, even for social research purposes, it would be advisable to have some body whose province this was. I've discovered it isn't the province of the Board of Control, the Court of Protection, the National Association for Mental Health, or the National Council for Civil Liberties.

At present, those who lecture on mental health almost always make it clear that they do not wish to deal with any questions of wrongful certification, because they know that the 'ex-certified' takes every conceivable opportunity to ventilate his special – and often tragic – problems.

I myself have no access to my husband's home and I have no relatives elsewhere; nor am I allowed to see my three children, even with a Quaker friend present as a third party, though this has been arranged by my solicitor and my husband's solicitor: my husband can break the 'agreement' and has power to do so. And if my husband decides to leave this country and take the children with him he will pass beyond an iron curtain as impenetrable for me as anything between the East and West. As an 'ex-certified', my entry to many countries would be barred; nor could I get a court injunction to prevent the children leaving the country, even if I wished to stand thus in their way.

There is one answer to these suspicions of wrongful certification: let them all be brought into court. At present we have practically no case-law on certification from which knowledge can be derived; and yet there is current discussion of a plan to give extremely wide and undefined powers of detention for pyschopaths, a class of persons of whom there is neither legal nor medical definition. At present the only statutory definition of lunacy is the circular one that 'a person of unsound mind is an idiot or person of

OTARD

The only Brandy bottled at the Château de Cognac

unsound mind'. Will something as legally stupid be written into future legislation about psychopaths?

From the factual statement on my own certification papers it appears that it can lawfully be stated of anyone who becomes a voluntary patient that the voluntary status was a 'period of insanity', despite the intentions of the Mental Health Act, 1930, to the contrary. It is in such a way that those who sign certification papers interpret the safeguarding clause that 'they shall not be liable to any civil or criminal proceedings whether on the ground of want of jurisdiction or on any other ground *if* such person has acted in good faith and with reasonable care' (Section 330 of the Lunacy Act 1890). Court procedure, time and expense are lavished on much less serious matters; these complicated issues should always be brought as soon, as freely, and as easily as possible before the courts. It is an urgent social necessity.

The report of the Royal Commission on Mental Health claims that mental illness is to be compared with a broken leg. The real proof of this is whether negligence in respect of mental health is as actionable before the law as is negligence resulting in physical illness or injury. I recently heard the view expressed by a perfectly reasonable and humane person, in a conversation about a fire at a mental hospital where four brave firemen perished, 'that it should have been four mental patients'. Keeping strictly to the principle of other things being equal this same woman would be horrified that there should be any doubt whether *ordinary* patients in a general hospital would be worth rescuing. Are the two illnesses anything like equal?

A. JANE WHITEHOUSE

The Arts and Entertainment

Pipedreams

WHATEVER you miss in the present crop of theatrical excitements, do not miss *The Iceman Cometh*. This superb play is subtly acted and powerfully produced at the Arts Theatre Club. I talked of it last week as an endurance test, having found it so in the reading. But as staged by Mr Peter Wood, it doesn't seem at all long. I could cheerfully sit it through again, and indeed shall. It comes, too, at a remarkably right time to remind us how lucky present-day American dramatists are to have had this great bulldozing genius opening up the terrain for them; and not merely demolishing the drawing-rooms of the middle-class drama, but hauling out on to the scene twenty years ahead the characters and conflicts which still engage them. It is safe to say, I think, that Arthur Miller's longshoremen and Tennessee Williams's sexual misfits owe their acceptance as theatrical subjects to O'Neill. For our dramatists the pioneer work is still to be done.

The Iceman Cometh was finished in 1946, but it did not win immediate acceptance. Allardyce Nicoll, for instance, dismisses it in his compendium *World Drama* (published 1949) in a paragraph of round abuse: it has taken the delayed impact of the H-Bomb on our thinking and feeling to bring us to the state of mind which can accept its sombre rejection of optimism, of that whole long liberal fallacy of the inevitability of progress by self-improvement, which has been since the nineteenth century the driving force of our civilisation. O'Neill, in this play, plants an image, like a time bomb, in the very foundations of this belief and we watch the effects of its explosion in slow motion.

The image itself is simple; and its effectiveness derives partly from that simplicity, partly from the rich realism with which it is decorated, a realism derived from O'Neill's own acquaintance with the bars and flophouses of the world's ports. Harry Hope's is the archetype of all such flophouses and bars in the year 1912. In it are assembled as rich and diverse a collection of human flotsam as can reasonably be gathered on one stage. And they have one thing in common with each other and the proprietor. They exist only for the next drink. Each lives by his illusions or self-deceptions and drink nourishes or nurtures these. Between drinks these pipedreams wither or are ejaculated in a jumble of dreams and hysteria; but at the first glass of whisky they revive and proliferate in flowerings of the imagination, into hopes and plans and attitudes which can soothe the self-respect.

Then, into this 'palace of pipedreams' bursts an old drinking-companion of theirs, Hickey, who alternates bouts of drinking (his 'periodicals') with a successful life as a highly efficient salesman. Tomorrow it is Harry Hope's birthday and Hickey is expected to join the celebrations. He does; but he is a changed Hickey. He is a revivalist who has suddenly seen the light and is determined to carry the good message to all his friends. But the light he has seen is not the light of old-time revivalism, it is the light that blazes at the heart of the liberal fallacy, that there exist two opposites called 'reality' and 'illusion' and that the first is 'good', the second 'bad'. With all the highly developed technique of his profession added to the revivalist's fervour, he sets about converting these bums to the religion of reality. Let them only stop pipedreaming, let them only once face each his own reality and they will be saved; they will find inward peace; they will be changed men.

Of course they resist for all they are worth. But against their wills they become infected. The bartender who lives on the immoral earnings of his two tarts makes the admission he has refused to make all these years: what's wrong with pimping anyway? The girls drop their polite synonym: all right, they aren't 'tarts': they're 'whores'. The English captain dresses himself up and goes out to get a job. The Negro refuses to be the whitest nigger ever and is proudly, defiantly black; and in a superb scene, where pathos and comedy perfectly merge, Harry Hope, who hasn't stirred out of his bar since his wife's death twenty years ago, is persuaded to take that walk round the block that he has always been promising himself. And the result is disastrous.

This is the turning-point. The experiment in self-improvement is an appalling failure all round. But if you see this as simply a failure of will on the part of the weak, you will, I believe, have missed O'Neill's point. He is not showing us, as Ibsen was in *The Wild Duck* (and as Eliot has done in our time too), that there are some who cannot bear too much reality. His attack is directed at the whole reality-illusion concept of opposites. The one figure we admire is the lonely, stubborn, desperate Larry Slade, who alone stands out against Hickey's high pressure salesmanship. He has been in his time an important figure in the Wobblies, the Syndicalist Anarchists. He has been at the very centre of the movement that set its hopes on the reality principle as

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the saviour of mankind and has become profoundly disillusioned. These reality-mongers are in fact supreme pipedreamers, no less self-deceptive than any of the whisky-bums. The reality Larry has forced himself to face is something very different from the pipedreaming recommended alike by political enthusiasts and the devotees of analysis, something that neither Marx nor Freud have stopped to reckon with, something beyond futile hope and fashionable pessimism, a courage that refuses to be fooled by either.

It is something like this, grand in conception and grandly carried out, that lies at the heart of this fine play. It is large and it is human, and it makes the fashionable dustbin drama of today seem merely trivial. Humorous, tender and intensely real, it belongs to the great order. How high it stands in that order would require discussion at a length impossible here: it would demand a full-scale analysis of O'Neill's use of language. I have nothing but the highest praise for the way in which the Arts company have realised the play. Some performances stand out because they are more important. Patrick Magee's Larry is a fine, tough conception; Lee Montague as the pimp and Jack MacGowran as Harry Hope, Michael Bryant as a young DT case, Vivian Matalon as a neurotic informer are perfectly judged performances. Ian Bannen's energy and drive as the salesman are unflagging. But the whole company excel themselves. And this is the highest tribute to the direction of Mr Peter Wood. The excellence of his staging, in Hutchinson Scott's evocative decor, makes an instant impression. But his touch extends to every detail in the long evening. Watch how each member of the cast is contributing all the time: even their silences are expressive. This is a most carefully prepared production, lovingly executed and brilliantly cast.

The very opposite seems to be true, it is sad to say, with the production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* by Mr Wood's predecessor at the Arts, Mr Peter Hall. And since we know him to be a producer in the top class, we must conclude that something has gone very wrong in the preparation. The play is not well cast, and one might easily conclude that he has been given time to rehearse properly only the two principal scenes. These, it is true, take up three-quarters of this oddly constructed play; and their impact is so violent that they will no doubt carry the evening for those of us who haven't had the chance to see the play better done elsewhere.

In performance, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* makes, in my view, an even more purely sensational effect than it does in reading. The long first act in which Maggie the Cat stalks her handsome weak alcoholic of a husband is a wonderful *tour de force*. It is virtually a monologue into which a few interruptions are worked sketchily (at least in this production). They seem irrelevant intrusions which simply break the thread instead of intensifying the drama as they are obviously designed to do. Miss Kim Stanley exhibited a great resource in attack. She must circle her prey a hundred times, try one lunge after another, withdraw and try again to get under the protective alcoholic haze behind which Brick shelters his indifference to her, until eventually she hits on the one still exposed ache, his relationship with his dead friend Skipper. And even then he avoids the issue by calling up the household to hold Big Daddy's birthday party there, and tries to hide himself in the crowd.

Big Daddy, his great bull of a randy father, soon scatters all of them and we get down to the second big scene of the play, the famous truth-telling match which will end in the father facing the young man with his queerness, and the young man in revenge facing the father with his cancer. This, too, is a tremendous scene in performance, a shattering duologue, occupying seven-tenths of the second act and brilliantly written. Mr Leo McKern as Big Daddy is at the grave disadvantage of being half the size that the part requires. But he seemed to me to transcend this remarkably, and to sustain the scene finely.

But when we come to the third act, when we pick up Maggie's efforts to get her husband to sleep with her, we realise that in a sense we are being continually cheated. It doesn't really advance the relationships at all. There is a badly conducted squabble over the will. There is the long passage when the news is broken to Big Daddy's wife. But none of this is seen as affecting the alcoholic husband, any more than the great second act duel seems to have affected him. Maggie finally gets him into her bed by locking up his liquor and promising to give it back only after he has gratified her. Really! Any alcoholic worth his liquor would have an answer to that ruse. In the last analysis the play comes out to me as a purely sensational attack on the nerves and little else – a highly successful one in those first two acts which are theatrical in the extreme. But Mr Tennessee Williams is a serious writer with much higher aims than these; and it is these aims which, for me, he fails to present.

The performances will, I think, very much improve as the run goes on. Miss Bee Duffell, for instance, seemed to me to have the outline of Big Momma's part fairly there: the detail will come.

I must hold over Mr N. C. Hunter's very smooth and expert *A Touch of The Sun* until next week. Like *Mrs Dale's Diary* it will run for ever, and the comparison, though unkind, is not wholly inapt.

T. C. WORSLEY

At Drury Lane

THE printed programmes of Mr Gorlinsky's season of Italian opera at Drury Lane specify no stage designer for either *La Forza del Destino* or *Turandot*, the first two of the nine promised operas; but the very posters in the streets include the legend: 'Prompter, Maurizio Arena'. Those seated in the front half of the stalls know that Signor Arena is earning his salary.

How is it that Italian singers, familiar with the standard repertory from their cradles, require to be prompted for every single line they utter? How is it that a good singer is not put off his stroke, rhythmically, by the unrhythmical speaking of the words 'Celeste Aida' or 'Eri tu' which immediately precedes his own delivery of the musical phrase? Whatever the explanation of these mysteries, we need not complain so long as the continual prompting remains, as in the better Italian theatres, imperceptible to the audience; at Drury Lane, however, it is a confounded nuisance. I do not habitually take a very prim view of the nature of dramatic illusion in the opera house; but the crucial scene in which Prince Calaf guesses Turandot's three riddles does lose some of its point when the answers are brazenly supplied by an unseen voice: this competitor, we feel, is cheating and ought to be disqualified. In a somewhat different way the chorus of invocation to the moon in the first act, one of Puccini's happiest ideas, is robbed of its mystery by the prompter's hoarse 'O taciturna!', 'O testa mozza!' and so on. Why a chorus needs to be prompted is something past rational comprehension: the individual singer may well suffer a sudden lapse of memory, but surely not fifty

or sixty choristers? There was a splendid *reductio ad absurdum* of the system in *La Forza del Destino,* when a solid battalion lined up before the footlights, all ready to launch into the famous martial chorus, received the loud and unmistakable cue: 'Rat-a-plan!'.

Of the two performances, the Verdi was crude and unenjoyable, the Puccini hardly less crude on a close analysis, yet disarmingly enjoyable. Why this should have been so requires some explanation. First, Verdi is far more dependent than Puccini on vocal finesse. Then, although Verdi is an immeasurably greater composer than Puccini, that does not alter the fact that *La Forza del Destino* is an almost hopeless muddle, while *Turandot* is a taut and gripping dramatic whole. *Forza* has, all told, about an hour of music which even Verdi seldom surpassed, notably the great series of tenor-baritone duets and all Leonora's music, both solo and concerted; but these noble scenes are interspersed with pages of dreary and conventional music in the popular style of its period – inn-scenes, *vivandière* troop-rallies and the like – which are not only boring in themselves but have a minimal connection with the main plot and characters. To impose a semblance of order on this theatrical hotch-potch needs the skill of German operatic production at its best; flung anyhow on to the stage, as at Drury Lane, the opera is tedious. Only the rascally Fra Melitone, with his *Falstaff*-like music, contrives to justify his dramatic irrelevance; especially on this occasion, when the part was sung and acted by Paolo Pedani so well as to put the rest of the cast in the shade. The soprano and tenor (Anna Maria Rovere and Roberto Turrini) were forceful and roughly efficient, but lacked all poetry and charm of style; the Padre Guardiano (Guerrando Rigiri) was decent but weak; and the Preziosilla (Laura Zannini) could hardly have been chosen as mascot by any regiment more dashing than the Pay Corps.

On both nights the veteran Tullio Serafin was in charge, displaying an admirable grasp of style and an ideal choice of tempi, though unable to secure flawless playing from the RPO (*Forza*) or the LSO (*Turandot*) in scores with which they are not thoroughly familiar. Nevertheless, Jack Brymer's long clarinet solo before the tenor's big scene in *Forza* was the solitary specimen of classical cantilena to be heard on either evening. The success of *Turandot* was due partly to the genuine singing of the music allotted to the three court officials (at Covent Garden it is usually squeaked and croaked), but mainly to the sensational tenor of Giuseppe Savio as Calaf. He produces an enormous volume of sound, a dark, rich, firm column of tone that opens up all the way to the high C with hardly a tremor of uncertainty at any point. His first aria was well sung; the second was coarsely phrased; but there was a solid determination about all he did – including the most tremendous whacks on the gong ever heard; if his voice can stand the strain, he may go far – a potential Otello. Carmen Lucchetti, too, has a large voice of good if not thrilling quality which made her sound more like Turandot than anyone we have heard in London since Eva Turner. The only weak member of the cast was the Liù of Onelia Fineschi.

After several years' interval, *Peter Grimes* is back at Covent Garden in a production which is anonymous and looks it, conducted rather uncertainly by Rafael Kubelik. Sylvia Fisher's upper notes are now a liability to her generally fine interpretation of Ellen Orford, and Peter Pears is singing more cautiously than before in the title role. Some of the minor parts are inadequately characterised, and the chorus is downright feeble in those great climaxes which should thrill the house. The one absolutely first-rate thing in a lukewarm revival is the sturdy Captain Balstrode of James Pease.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Second Flush

SEQUELS are never as good. Can 8.30 compare with dawn? And don't we, when we've been taken initially, build up and expect more than is realistically possible? I think so. Imagination hurries on into its own vague brightness, and if it must be brought back, all it wants to be brought back to is what it has already enjoyed and put behind glass. But of course we have to have sequels, and follow them up, and mildly disparage them.

I don't expect Satyajit Ray's *Aparajito* (*The Unvanquished*) to receive quite the acclaim which met *Pather Panchali*; nevertheless, it deserves it, and perhaps more. The village and the child's run of it are over, and now father, mother, and surviving son move to the town. The train – that fabulous find of childhood – takes them past slowly flickering girders over the Ganges to Benares.

Through their various eyes and doings we get a living tessellation of the holy city: the child scampers the alleys with new companions, mama cooks, sees a monkey in the yard, and warns off a gallant neighbour, papa squats all day on the river steps reading the scriptures to a small circle who will reward him with coppers. Then one day the steps are too much for him; the festival, the fireworks go on; he lies dying by a barred window. Death is a recurrent motif; and how could it be otherwise in a country where the average expecta-

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DAILY HERALD

tion of life is 35? Harihar dies. There is a convulsion, a wrench that will leave a widow bewildered and ill, a son who must break the bonds of love. The camera swoops immediately to pigeons scared – perhaps by a car's back-fire – into the after-sunset sky. Although, as I've said, the various deaths in this family tale play a quietly important part, the instinct for life, for growth, for what is going on all about is unquenchable.

The boy first breaks away from a priesthood job to go to school and then on a scholarship to Calcutta; and the remainder of the film gives us Calcutta and a remote village, the boy with the growing moustache and the mother who waits pining for the train on the horizon. One day she will die. She does, and he's too late: a wonderful sequence in which the hoot of the train, a branch-covered pool at dusk, fireflies in the dark, and – with the boy's morning return – silence and the scratch of a dog's bark bring about the tragic moment towards which the whole tale has been moving. Because the film moves slowly, we are given time, in these moments of the boy's grief to think of her whole life. That's only in our thoughts; the boy says abruptly he must get back for his exams and will carry out funeral rites at the Burning Ghats. The actors of father, mother, and son as a child are the same as in the first film; the adolescent boy (Smaran Ghosal) really looks as though he might have grown out of the other. The Academy Cinema is to be applauded for showing these two films; in their way, which is sympathetic and quietist, they achieve as much as Aksahov's Gorky trilogy; the third instalment, on which Ray is working, is still to come.

I Accuse (Empire) is a respectable but dreary recital of the Dreyfus case, with José Ferrer (who also directs) as Dreyfus, not made up to look like him, but spreading a resolute timidity over the whole story. *Witness for the Prosecution* (Leicester Square) brings us a Christie court drama with Laughton thoroughly enjoying himself for the defence, and *The Brave One* (Cameo-Poly) endears us to a Mexican boy and a bull calf who has to grow up to the ring but beats the matador. It did happen, they say, once.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Start with the Arts

THE new BBC programme, *Monitor*, broadcast at 10 p.m. last Sunday and to be seen every other Sunday night, is the most ambitious attempt yet made to present current developments in the arts (broadly defined) on television. It has been described as 'the *Panorama* of the arts'; and the BBC seem to feel that, taking *Monitor* with *Panorama, Tonight*, and the news, they have the rough equivalent of a serious Sunday newspaper.

Mr Huw Wheldon, who edits *Monitor*, is also its compère – lean, eager, sardonic and compelling. He and his colleagues must have found it extremely difficult to decide on the appropriate 'level' for such a programme – to try to appeal to a serious minority of viewers while holding some of the lowbrows, to assess how high the latter could be induced to rise. Last Sunday, in any case, *Monitor* followed *Heartbreak House*; and it will for some time to come be following one of the other ancient and modern classics of *Television World Theatre*. It seems realistic rather than defeatist to assume that *Sunday Night at the London Palladium* will have attracted most of the viewers-with-a-choice to the commercial channel from eight o'clock onwards; and they would hardly be likely to switch back to the BBC for *Monitor* half-way through ITV's *Armchair Theatre*, which starts at 9.35 and is often pretty good by any standards. (Last Sunday's *Night of the Ding-Dong*, which I could not see, is said to have been a competent satirical farce, and there was at least one player in it – Miss Athene Seyler – whose performances I hate to miss.)

So *Monitor* could, perhaps, sometimes risk an uncompromisingly 'Third' appeal. Naturally it did not do so in its first edition, and there were items in this which I could have done without; but it must be reckoned a good try.

It began with a riotous circus sequence: nothing new in that, but good fun and reassuring to the anti-aesthetes. Then came an interview with Mr Kingsley Amis which I thought lamentable: the content was banal; the interviewer (Mr Simon Raven) indulged in such dreary vulgarisms as 'Fair enough', and looked, on the screen, exactly like Mr Amis, with the same lank-lock hair-do in reverse; and each seemed identically, and grimly, unsympathetic with the other. The most elaborate and successful item (though slightly too long) was a demonstration of *Musique Concrète* and its adaptation by Mr Peter Brook for non-abstract purposes in his production of *The Tempest* – the yapping of a dog being conveyed more realistically and conveniently by the use of a fiddle than by the use of an actual dog. Next, a survey (hardly adequate) of 'the whole range' of Epstein's work, with a statement by the sculptor: of his Cavendish Square Madonna he said 'That's what I mean by sculpture – my tendency has always been religious'.

Then *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* was discussed in interviews by Mr Alan Brien with people in the first-night audience (some famous, some obscure) and with Mr Peter Hall and Mr Gore Vidal in the studio. Mr Brien, good as he was, talked so much that Mr Vidal was cut off after a few phrases, apparently on the brink of a coherent criticism – a bereavement for which viewers were consoled by a further discussion in ITV's *On Stage* on Tuesday night. Of the foyer comments, the best was that of Mr Richard Goolden, the veteran actor: 'Very harrowing . . . I'm going home on all fours . . . But I don't know what I've been harrowed *for*.' Two teen-age girls were asked if the play had shocked them. 'Oh no,' said one. 'We're living in the world, so we ought to know about homosexuality, oughtn't we?'

The programme ended, incredibly, with Mr Joseph Cooper playing popular tunes on the piano 'as they might have been played by' Chopin, Bartok, Bach, etc. He did it very well, but this is surely the world's oldest village-hall concert and children's party act.

I hope that *Monitor* will have the success that it deserves to have. Such an effect should be automatic: that it cannot be counted on is one of the less satisfactory consequences of competition.

* * *

Engaging exchange in *Tonight*:
'What first attracted you to 'buses?'
'I thought they were . . . different.'

* * *

Shocking lapse from truth in TV commercial by usually impeccable advertiser: 'Guinness is . . . the most natural drink in the world.'
The most *natural*? Water? Milk? Blood?

* * *

The Chopper Boys is the 'provisional' title of a forthcoming comedy series about the Navy on BBC TV—'chopper' being, according to the hand-out, naval airmen's slang for helicopter.

I fear that the innocents of Lime Grove will have to think of another title. This word also has another, far less proper, meaning in naval slang.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

THE CASE AGAINST THE ETU

SIR,—On 7 October last, the *News Chronicle* announced to the world that an anti-Communist candidate had secured a majority of no less than 300 votes in an election for a seat on the Executive Council of the Electrical Trades Union, and that the Communist-dominated leadership of the union was taking steps to invalidate the vote. This inspired announcement, made before the votes were even counted, triggered-off one of the greatest 'trials by newspaper' yet seen in this country. Foremost among the defenders of civilisation has been Woodrow Wyatt, whose despatches from the front-line (*De Bello Haxellico*) have recently given readers of the NEW STATESMAN the opportunity of recognising the greatest mass leader of popular morality since Lord George Gordon, and one who with the new armour of statistics can fearlessly and finally intone Thiers' famous last words: 'I have killed Communism for ever.' This is an irreverent age, however, and there are those among us who apply the tests of Concordance even to the Bible, and some who go so far as to suggest that statistics serve but as a bikini, to display the interesting, but to conceal the vital. To those who thus wantonly eat of the tree of knowledge I would offer the following food for thought.

Wyatt says that the policy of the ETU is laid down by a Communist 'special advisory committee and not by the ETU Executive'. That Communists receive – and sometimes accept – advice, from all quarters, is not in doubt; the awkward fact remains that the policy of the ETU is determined by the annual policy conference of the union, which is attended by 300-400 delegates, to whom the Executive is obliged to render a comprehensive report of the whole of its activity and from whom it receives its mandate for the year to come.

Wyatt says that in the selection of delegates for the TUC – or for other purposes – 'it is impossible for branches separated by hundreds of miles to know anything about ETU members who rarely move out of their own areas'. Does Mr Wyatt then believe that men who have achieved prominence in the affairs of the union contrive to remain unheard-of, and that they appear masked at conference, as people do occasionally on TV?

Wyatt says that 'Communists find it necessary to cook the votes', and goes on to suggest novel methods by which this can be done. Mr Wyatt should go to bed earlier. He will have to get up very early in the morning to get by with this kid-ball. If ETU members are only reasonably honest, they are equally reasonably intelligent.

Wyatt's statistical excursus on the results of the 1948 elections is a melancholy illustration of Professor R. G. D. Allen's observation that 'the skilled statistician knows where he can proceed and where he must stop'. Wyatt says that in October 1948 the Executive 'published its estimate of the financial membership of each branch', and that '. . . this gives the number of members in each branch entitled to vote'. Of course it does not. The financial membership is a statistical concept, expressing the income of the branch in terms of fully paid-up membership. It no more gives the number of members entitled to vote than the cost of living index gives the menu for Wyatt's Christmas dinner. The financial membership is used for allocating the distribution of delegate representation at annual conference, and for other purposes, but the voting membership consists of all members with the right to vote, including those who are relieved of the duty to contribute their subscriptions by reason of sickness, unemployment, and old age; and all those whose arrears of contributions have not exceeded a certain limit.

The union has replied in detail to this point of Wyatt's more than once. It is a pity that readers of the NEW STATESMAN should be asked to swallow such mouldy fare. It will suffice, perhaps, to disinter Wyatt's half-boiled attempt to cook the figures at Dorking. Wyatt says Dorking, with 206 voters, polled 207 votes. The voting membership was in fact not

206, but 268; and, may I add, to suggest that Dorking is Communist-dominated is as good as suggesting that the Vatican is riddled with Buddhism.

To follow all the ramifications of Wyatt's tortuous arguments would prove tiresome, but he certainly raises a wan smile with his remark that 'the affair of Mitcham and LSE 14 is too well known to go over again'. I seem to recall that both Titus Oates and Joe McCarthy used a similar phrase from time to time. All I know is that I have seen the books – and so have the union's accountants. If, as Wyatt implies, over 1,000 members at Mitcham were paid up, then either I need to brush up my arithmetic, or some of Wyatt's friends need a quick loan to square the account.

I am quite sure that on all the many charges raised by Wyatt the Executive Council of my union will eventually receive from the membership a verdict of complete acquittal. That membership will continue, as hitherto, to frame the rules, and to elect those whom they think best fitted to conduct their affairs for them. Neither the rules nor the policy of the union have ever yet contemplated providing a *locus standi* for Woodrow Wyatt. Oddly enough, they never will, either for him or for any other camp-follower of the Fleet Street fusiliers.

J. HENDY

[Mr Hendy asks us to make it plain that this letter is written in his personal capacity and not on behalf of the ETU. – ED., *NS*.]

A.I.D.

SIR,—Mr Rolph has suggested that a child born to a married woman after A.I.D. must always be illegitimate, and that anyone who knowingly registers the husband as its father could be prosecuted for perjury. Is this really so? To bastardize a child born in wedlock it is not enough merely to show that adultery has occurred; there must be conclusive proof that the husband could not possibly have been its father. But if a potent though apparently infecund husband has intercourse with his wife at about the same time as the A.I.D. is performed (or if it is done with a mixture of the husband's with a donor's semen), and if the donor's blood groups are matched to those of the husband, it might be very difficult to be absolutely certain about paternity. Oligospermia in the husband is often a good indication of infecundity, but it is an illusion to suppose that one can always be absolutely sure.

It is easy enough to say that it would be morally wrong to claim an inheritance or a title under these circumstances, but it is less certain that such a claim, if made, would fail. And could a prosecution under the Perjury Act for a false registration succeed against a defence that, although the husband may well not have been the father, nobody can be absolutely sure?

A child is either a bastard or it is not, and if it is born in wedlock it is presumed legitimate until the contrary is proved. Even a consenting but subsequently repentant husband might find this more difficult to prove than he expects, let alone a disappointed heir.

'BIOLOGIST'

Cambridge

THE PRESS COUNCIL

SIR,—Mr Malcolm Muggeridge's comments on Press Council methods deserve a factual reply.

The Council has quarterly meetings and its general purposes committee, unless there is no important business, meets every month. There seems to be an impression that when a complaint is received a meeting of the whole Council should be called at once. This would be impracticable since the Council, a voluntary one, consists of men who are working hard in journalism, some a long way from London, and since almost every complaint needs to be investigated first by the committee.

Many complaints are received, and where possible prompt action is taken by the secretary, committee or chairman to obtain redress. Most complaints have been satisfactorily and quickly dealt with in this way.

Some delay is inevitable in a stubbornly contested case, as happens even in the law courts. Mr Muggeridge contends that his case might have gone on for almost six months. It might, but he would have been responsible for most of the delay. His first complaint was in a letter dated 7 November, a letter in general though emphatic terms. For his own sake it was suggested that he should be specific in pointing to the misquotations and distortions that he alleged. Writing on 19 November he promised to elaborate his case or, as one might say, to put it as it should have been put in the first instance. He had not carried out his promise even by 7 January, the date of the last committee meeting before the Press Council meeting of 21 January. The committee decided to go ahead on the evidence to hand from all parties.

On 13 January Mr Muggeridge wrote apologising for his delay. He did not even then submit a detailed case, but offered to appear before the Council and answer any questions. He was the original complainer and if he was to appear before the Council the accused editors had in natural justice a right to be present to hear what he said about them. Such an arrangement at that stage might have taken some time to put into effect, and the case might have been delayed beyond the Council meeting then imminent. Since Mr Muggeridge had allowed eight weeks to pass before indicating that he was not going to submit a detailed written case he is not in the best possible position to complain of delay.

LINTON ANDREWS
Chairman

The Press Council

NATIONAL SERVICE

SIR,—I read the article 'A National Serviceman's Postscript' with a deep sinking feeling, because twice in my life the army has given me a sense of security that an ordinary working life was unable to give me – notwithstanding that I have been an active trade unionist and Socialist since I was 18.

On the first occasion, when I couldn't endure the conditions of industry of the early 1920s, I broke my apprenticeship and, with only unemployment facing me at home, I joined the army. That first engagement didn't last long, because illness, due to civilian causes, overtook me – but in the long weeks of hospital life before my discharge, I had an insight into army tradition which no disgruntled national serviceman can ever obtain.

I had to go back to the grinding poverty of industrial conditions of the inter-war years, and it has always been with a sense of irony that I recollect that the Labour movement had a lively interest in the International Brigade of Spain, and yet still baulked at the idea of opposing Hitler until the last moment. When one thinks of the efforts of Herbert Morrison and Ernest Bevin in the early days of the last war, one wonders how they could have built up any opposition to Nazism without the nucleus of the standing army. I joined the Territorials in 1937 with an inner feeling that pacifism was no longer practical, and again I was struck with the difference between the anarchy of industrial conditions and the rationalisation of army life. I ask Socialist critics of service conditions to consider how much the appreciation of 'combined operations' during the war gave the impetus to the desire for Socialist planning which led to the Labour victories of 1945.

I realise that this letter is a sitting target for intellectual individualists, but the picture of an aristocratic authority and a plebeian servility is much more appropriate to industry than the army. During the war we, the ordinary soldiers, observed the painful situation of temporary officers, such as your correspondent. Their impact, with their ambition, on the long-serving officers of the regular army would make poignant reading. To what extent the trials of national servicemen were due to others of their own generation will never be known unless a more practical pen than mine takes side with the sword.

A. H. BAILEY

3 North End Grove,
Portsmouth.

OLD MACK'S ALMANACK

(BETTER LATE THAN NEVER)

There will be many occasions when you will be grateful for the comfort and stimulus of Mackenzie's Sherry. Crises, international skulduggery, mayhem, fire, floods, earthquakes and miscellaneous catastrophes will recur with depressing regularity. In March, Venus squares Jupiter, Neptune and the Moon's Nodes, and opposes Uranus. Verb. sap. *Canvey Island will demand home rule and appeal to you-know-who. In June, Venus will be at it again, and the weather will be fine if it doesn't rain. The discovery, by a lady from East Grinstead, of a mountain made out of a molehill in Lower Moravia, will give rise to an ugly political situation, and threaten to throw things into the melting pot. Public agitation for more wine merchants to stock Mackenzie's Sherry will show gratifying results. Mars and Jupiter are in opposition in December, but a good time will be had by all and the best of luck.*

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A LITTLE SONG ABOUT A ROSE

SIR,—Your reviewer of Mr F. A. C. Wilson's *Yeats and Tradition* has added her voice to that of the majority, who would prefer their poetry to be about honey-bees, rather than metaphysical essences. This is not surprising, in an age when these very words have become all but meaningless. However, the poets will always persist in overstepping the limits set for them in Academe, and in interesting themselves—with Spenser, Milton, Shelley, Blake and Yeats—in books and even whole subjects not included in the English syllabus. Milton in his Tower read Hermes Trismegistus, and so did Yeats. It is extraordinary that in spite of Yeats's own declared belief that to write 'a little song about a rose' a poet must have 'hard philosophic bones under the skin' (he meant, of course, real philosophy, Plato and Plotinus, not Russell and Ayer), the cry goes on, why can't poets just write about roses?

Is it possible that these critics are affronted by the disclosure of meanings, of dimensions, in poems long familiar, that they have overlooked? There are two methods of dealing with Yeats by critics who persist in admiring his works, while discounting their real meaning and purpose. The most popular hitherto has been to say 'Of course he was an old fool with all his esoteric nonsense, but he just happened to write great poetry'. With the same background of esoteric nonsense, so did Shelley, Milton, Blake and Spenser. Can it be coincidence every time? The other method, that used by Miss Gardner, is to discount his ideas, and stress his political interests, gift of sensuous imagery, and so forth; and to call readers of his poems who respond to the image alone, 'sensitive', and those who respond to the symbolic essence of the image 'insensitive'. It should rather be the other way round—the modern insensitivity to metaphysical meaning in the arts would be amazing to any period or civilisation less immersed in materialist assumptions than our own. For a materialist philosophy, of course, only the image remains.

It is unfortunate that Miss Gardner selected as an example of Mr Wilson's wanton reading into Yeats of symbolic meaning where none exists the line from *The Delphic Oracle on Plotinus*, 'salt blood blocks his eyes'. Yeats is merely translating the Oracle (given by Porphyry in his *Life of Plotinus*), no doubt from Thomas Taylor's translation. From this text it is perfectly clear that the material body is itself part of the hylic flux; the same salt ocean that is without, is within the body:

> Freed from those members that with deadly weight
> And stormy whirl enchained thy soul of late:
> O'er life's rough ocean thou has gain'd that shore. . . .

(Every elementary science class teaches that the salinity of the blood is approximately that of seawater—one of the arguments for the origin of life in the sea. Yeats presumably knew this.) To ascribe the blindness of Plotinus, therefore, to the 'salt blood' that blocks his eyes is entirely consistent with Porphyry's symbolism. The inhabitants of perfection (Taylor comments upon Porphyry) have *never tasted salt*—the flavour of *hyle*, or matter. Perhaps Miss Gardner thinks this is no way to write a poem, but there can be no doubt that Yeats did not share her opinion.

I am happy to add my name to the number of 'insensitive' readers of poetry, who cannot understand why men of mature mind should find street-walkers and honey-bees of interest otherwise than as the terms of a language in which to discourse upon 'that which exists, really and unchangeably', intelligible essences, of which, as Plato and Blake agree, this world is only an image, or shadow.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Girton College
Cambridge

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PRUDENTIAL

SUTHERLAND AND KANDINSKY

SIR,—Is it altogether worthy of the NEW STATESMAN to publish a diatribe, of a quite redundant character, against an artist whose work has never needed more serious appraisal than is normally available in the popular press? And what is one to think of the impertinent dismissal of Sutherland (for his inability 'to connect passages that are more than three inches apart') and Kandinsky (for his 'theatrical sentimentality')?

No doubt it works off the spleen that John Berger feels against royalty on the one hand and abstract art on the other. But this is hardly the concern of the readers of the NEW STATESMAN who have come to expect a highly responsible standard of criticism.

Of course, it would have been much more difficult, even (dare one suggest it?) beyond Mr Berger's powers, to analyse with genuine detachment and insight the 'failure' of Sutherland and the 'sentimentality' of Kandinsky. But the task would at least have been worthy of the critic and his paper.

BENJAMIN FRANKEL

Residenzplatz 2, Salzburg

THE FACTS ABOUT K

SIR,—In his article "Two Kinds of Communism" Mr R. H. S. Crossman makes two references to Franz Kafka, both incorrect.

1. My late uncle's grave in the Jewish cemetery in Prague is in perfect order and is visited by many people.

2. In *The Castle*, K never reaches the castle.

The first error is due to Mr Crossman not checking the information he was given; the second is worse since it would appear that Mr Crossman either did not read the novel, or read it carelessly.

MARIANNA STEINER

4 Upper Park Road, W3

[R. H. S. Crossman writes: With regard to Miss Steiner's first point, I was careful to state that whereas I had seen for myself the neglect of Masaryk's grave, I had only been told about Kafka's. My source was wholly trustworthy, and I have no reason to doubt his word that he was given no assistance in his unsuccessful search for it in the Jewish cemetery.

With regard to *The Castle*, I am grateful to Miss Steiner for reminding me of something I had quite forgotten, that in his search for the final authority, K never actually gets inside. This makes the analogy with the modern Communist bureaucracy even more apt, and I wish I had thought of it.—ED., *NS*.]

THE PECKHAM CENTRE

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr Anthony, in his letter in your issue of 25 January, is misinformed about the present-day use of the Peckham Centre. These premises, now owned by the LCC, are used:

(a) By the Peckham Evening Institute, with a roll of over a thousand students on regular day and evening classes, and a social club on Saturdays.

(b) By pupils of local day schools, who come in parties to use the swimming bath, the gymnasium and the lecture hall and theatre.

(c) Three days a week, by the 60-70 children of a play centre, who also use the swimming bath.

These activities are under the direction of the education committee of the Council. In addition, the health committee runs a day nursery open every day, and sessions for audiometry and audiology, speech-therapy and home-making for young mothers; and in February the Peckham child guidance clinic will be established there.

I hope this information will reassure those of your readers who were alarmed by the report that this building was now 'a store'; it is in very full use.

MARGARET COLE, *Chairman*,
Further Education Sub-Committee

The County Hall
SE1

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Too Sweet, Too Wise?

'RENAN,' wrote Desmond MacCarthy, 'is too bland, too sweet, perhaps too wise to please today.' That was in 1931 and most of us would cheerfully admit that we have not read or thought much about the great Breton sage and sceptic in the interval. History and the shift in mental fashions have left Renan high and dry on the sands of literature, like one of those grim and massive dolmens that stud his native countryside. *Les apôtres, Saint Paul, L'Antéchrist,* and *Marc-Aurèle* – the thick digestive volumes in which he entombed the origins of Christianity in a prose as pellucid and beguiling as the source-material is misty and tortuous, lie neglected on our shelves. Nor do the French themselves appear to care much about Renan's reputation. Along with Guizot, Victor Cousin, Taine, Comte and the rest, he has been relegated to the box-room of *l'esprit français*. He is most warmly remembered, perhaps, by a waning band of dim *curés de village* who, for the last fifty years, have been in the habit of gingering up their flagging congregations with hell-fire sermons on the perfidy of *'l'abominable Renan'* and the misbeguided wretches who lightly turn his pages. Nevertheless, we would be ill-advised to write Renan off without further effort. At his best he is a great historian and a consummate literary artist. He is also, as I hope to show, the custodian of a certain set of literary virtues – and what are more apparent at a first glance, vices – that had a powerful and maybe disastrous effect on the mind of the later nineteenth century.

Though his book is primarily concerned with the writer's style as an essayist, Mr Chadbourne has many pertinent things to say about the whole nature of Renan's life and work*. Patiently, with an unfailing ear for the verbal alchemy of a prose style so perfectly designed to clarify, secrete – even, at times, conceal – the subtlest shades of the mind and imagination, he traces the strands of thought and feeling that went to make up *le renanisme* and fashion, from such an eclectic temperament, 'the complex solidity of an attitude'. More than any other writer of his century, Renan gives his readers the sense of a stratified personality, layer on layer of faith and doubt, of curiosity and scholarship, till we reach the Breton sea-bed of early pieties that he evoked so unforgettably in the *Souvenirs* – a sea-bed imaged in Ys, the fabulous sunken city of legend. *'On montre'*, he wrote in one of his great seductive moments,

> *à divers endroits de la côte, l'emplacement de cette cité fabuleuse, et les pêcheurs vous en font d'étranges récits. Les jours de tempête, assurent-ils, on voit, dans les creux des vagues, le sommet des flèches de ses églises; les jours de calme, on entend monter de l'abîme le son de ses cloches, modulant l'hymne du jour. Il me semble souvent que j'ai au fond du cœur une ville d'Is qui sonne encore des cloches obstinées à convoquer aux offices sacrés des fidèles qui n'entendent plus. Parfois je m'arrête pour prêter l'oreille à ces tremblantes vibrations, qui me paraissent venir des profondeurs infinies, comme des voix d'un autre monde. Aux approches de la vieillesse surtout, j'ai pris plaisir, pendant le repos de l'été, à recueillir ces bruits lointains d'une Atlantide disparue.*

This is Renan at his most rhythmic. Yet, as Mr Chadbourne shows, he was not always so concerned to lull his readers. In *L'Avenir de la Science*, the manifesto of 1848 in which the young ex-seminarist poured out his harsh and ill-disciplined paean to the scientific spirit ('Truth, Truth, are you not the God for whom I search?'), there was asperity in plenty – an asperity which he later did much to soften. Renan had a hard literary apprenticeship. 'So vigorously affirmative and negative is the tone of his first articles,' Mr Chadbourne writes, 'that one wonders how the same man ever grew so sensitive to nuances of truth and error as fine as the colour gradations on the pigeon's neck . . .' The famous *émoussé* style – later to be so overworked by Renan himself and by his most brilliant disciple, Anatole France – was not the work of a day.

There were other qualities also, each of them with a necessary part to play in the full orchestration of Renan's genius. There was much restlessness and disquiet, a fervent idealism alternating with devout blasphemy, much ironical bonhomie, a blithe penetration of one's contemporaries. There was an element of violence, of explosion in his mind – a violence that, for all the harmonies of his prose, breaks out sinisterly again and again, *e.g.*, in the first paragraph of his essay on Lamennais and again, after 1870 and the Commune, in *La Réforme intellectuelle et morale* – the most searing political sermon ever delivered to a shell-shocked nation by its foremost intellectual. Above all, there was the *mystique* of science, the sense in which Renan saw all scholarship, all higher criticism, as part of a great lay Mount Carmel ministering to men:

> . . . This once privileged Catholic, who had stood on the threshold of the priesthood, lost sight of the experience of centuries of Catholicism, namely, that revelation had the power to nourish piety; precise belief, to fortify prayer; and dogma, to strengthen faith. It had become the fashion in his day to speak of the 'death' of dogmas and to write resounding funeral orations for them. . . . Renan himself later declared in his *Prière sur l'Acropole*, 'that the gods pass like men, nor would it be good for them to be eternal' . . .

Renan's mind had been formed in too traditional a religious manner, however, for him to admit Gautier's and Flaubert's parallel discovery, that there is only one truly immortal religion – Art. He was convinced he had found in the history of religion itself a force great enough to survive the death of specific forms of religious belief: this was the universal, age-old aspiration of men toward an unknown, perhaps an unknowable, God. The image of humanity itself at worship became, as humanity in pursuit of the perfect earthly society and perfect knowledge had become for Auguste Comte and the early socialists, the object of his worship. . . .

In this insistence on the 'rock-bottom, imperishable religious sensibility of mankind' Renan is akin to Newman, whose prose at moments chimes so strangely with his own. Both had a copious awareness of the tears of things: one can imagine Newman's delight in Renan's account of the Breton priests of his childhood or of his grave preceptors at Saint-Sulpice; and how Renan would have responded to Newman's description of the medieval conception of Virgil, 'as of a prophet or magician, his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines – giving utterance, as the voice of nature herself, to all that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, that is the experience of her children in every time'. For those whom such small historical coincidences please, it is strange to find that the spiritual climax in both men's lives occurred almost exactly on the same day: Newman was received into the Church by Father Dominic, the Passionist, on the rain-drenched morning of October 9, 1845, three days after Renan descended the steps of his seminary for the last time *'pour ne plus les remonter au soutane'* and took a room in the nearest hotel – a singular instance of loss and gain balancing themselves almost mechanically in the body of the Church Militant.

Yet, unlike Newman, there is no inner line to Renan's thought. A natural Hegelian, he returns again and again upon himself, his famous eclecticism – at once the blessing and the curse of his temperament – smilingly keeping the ring between the idealistic scholar and the sceptical *bon homme*. As MacCarthy remarked in his essay, 'it is a dangerous undertaking to adopt in Renan's case an air of understanding him completely. If one tries to peep round behind him and take him off his guard, one is apt to find him still facing one, smiling and prepared for *that* attack'. Renan himself summed up his recipe for living in terms of genial disenchantment, writing that

> . . . There are many chances that the world may be nothing but a fairy pantomime of which no God has care. We must therefore arrange ourselves so that on neither hypothesis we shall be completely wrong. We must listen to the superior voices, but in such a way that if the second hypothesis were true, we should not have been too completely duped. If in effect the world be not a serious thing, it is the dogmatic people who will be the shallow ones, and the worldly minded whom the theologians now call frivolous will be those who are really wise. . . .
>
> We owe it to the Eternal to be virtuous; but we have the right to add to this tribute our irony as a sort of personal reprisal. In this way we return to the right quarter jest for jest; we play the trick that has been played on us. St Augustine's phrase, *Lord, if we are deceived, it is by Thee!* remains a fine one, well suited to our modern feeling. Only we wish the Eternal to know that if we accept the fraud, we accept it knowingly and willingly. We are resigned in advance to losing the interest on our investments of virtue, but we wish not to appear ridiculous by having counted on them too securely.

Here we have the later Renan, to whom the buffetings of history – the false dawn of 1848, the

* *Ernest Renan as an Essayist.* By RICHARD M. CHADBOURNE. *Oxford: Cornell.* 36*s.*

muzzling of opinion under the Second Empire, the breach with German scholarship and culture, the *débâcle* of 1870 and the subsequent nightmare of the Commune – had all given the lie. Time bent his ideals to an elliptical and all-embracing irony. The contrast between the frugal austerity of his life as we glimpse it in the Goncourt Journals, and the unctuous lip-smacking sybaritism of his spirit is part of the paradox of Renan. For MacCarthy, this is his most disagreeable strength as a writer. For Mr Edmund Wilson, it is his cardinal defect. Renan, Mr Wilson suggests in his eloquent and dismissive essay (in *To the Finland Station*), opted out of history. A bourgeois to his finger-tips, he dropped the banner and slunk out of the battle, passing off his desertion with an air of Olympian detachment from the *mêlée* all round him.

Renan is the apostle of what a Marxist critic might call the rentier virtues. He is a past master in the art of un-engagement, of sitting on the fence and refereeing the struggle. As Mr P. E. Charvet, one of his most percipient editors, has remarked, he was a romantic at heart, and his 'judgments of men are constantly related to his own personality'. Marcus Aurelius, who 'treated the vanities of his world with an appropriate disdain, followed his path of duty with stoical detachment and placed the pleasures of philosophy above all other human joys', is a figure after Renan's own heart. St Paul, that indefatigable toiler, he could do nothing with. Our Lord he Winterhalterised out of existence in the *Vie de Jésus*, that staggering eighth type of pastoral ambiguity in which the geography of the Holy Land is equally the hero of the book. As Mr Charvet asks tartly,

> On what evidence, one may well inquire, is Jesus endowed with a faint 'Renanist' scepticism? *Jésus posséda au plus haut degré ce que nous regardons comme la qualité essentielle d'une personne distinguée je veux dire le don de sourire de son oeuvre, d'y être supérieur, de ne pas s'en laisser obséder. . . .*' Again, in a subsequent volume, Jesus is referred to as '. . . *maître des voluptés savantes. . . .*' That there were men in the nineteenth century, Chateaubriand and Maurice Barrès for example, who thought of religion largely in terms of emotional thrills, may be true, but where is the evidence for attributing this attitude to Jesus?

Personally, I agree with MacCarthy that we shall never get to the bottom of Renan. He is too hard a knot for us to untie. His virtues are not those of this century, his large and many-sided intellect is ill-suited to our bizarre modern orthodoxies. (It is instructive to compare the amount of space allotted to Renan and Karl Barth in a recent dictionary of religion†.) Yet it is this very unfashionableness of Renan's that should secure him a devoted readership today. In an age like our own, when so much that was built up by the genius and maturing patience of the nineteenth century has been discarded, it sometimes becomes a duty to read against the stream of the moment. Renan's luminous and rational intelligence, his deep natural piety, his thirsty curiosity, his eternal and objective searching – these are all qualities that we cannot have enough of at the present time.

JOHN RAYMOND

† *A Dictionary of the Christian Church*. Edited by F. L. CROSS. *Oxford*. 70s.

The Season's Lovers

In the daisied lap of summer
The lovers lay, they dozed
And lay in sun unending,
They lay in light, they slept
And only stirred
Each one to find the other's lips.
At times they sighed
Or spoke a word
That wavered on uneven breath,
He had no name and she forgot
The ransomed kingdom of her death.

When at last the sun went down
And chilly evening stained the fields,
The lovers rose and rubbed their eyes:
They saw the pale wash of grass
Heighten to metallic green
And spindly tongues of granite mauve
Lick up the milk of afternoon,
They gathered all the scattered light
Of daisies to one place of white,
And ghostly poets lent their speech
To the stillness of the air,
The lovers listened, each to each.

Into the solid wall of night
The lovers looked, their clearer sight
Went through that dark intensity
To the other side of light.
The lovers stood, it seemed to them
They hung upon the world's rim –
He clung to self, and she to him;
He rocked her with his body's hymn
And murmured to her shuddering cry,
You are all states, all princes I,
And sang against her trembling limbs,
Nothing else is, he sang, *but I.*

They lifted the transparent lid
From world false and world true
And in the space of both they flew.
He found a name, she lost her death,
And summer lulled them in its lap
With a leafy lullaby.
There they sleep unending sleep,
The lovers lie
He with a name, she free of death,
In a country hard to find
Unless you read love's double mind
Or invent its polar map.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

After Cumae

The sun again unearthed, colours come up fresh,
the perennials; and the laurels'
washable leaves, that seem never to perish,
obscure the mouthy cave, the dumb grottoes.

From the beginning, in the known world, slide
drawn echoing hulls, axes grate, and waves
deposit in their shallow margins varied
fragments of marine decay and waftage;

and the sometimes-abandoned gods confuse
with immortal essences men's brief lives,
frequenting the exposed and pious: those
who stray, as designed, under applied perils,

whose doom is easy, venturing so far
without need, other than to freeze or burn,
their wake, on spread-out oceans, a healed scar
fingered, themselves the curios of voyage.

GEOFFREY HILL

Moslem Predicament

Islam in Modern History. By WILFRED CANTWELL SMITH. *Oxford: Princeton.* 40*s.*

Li-madha ta'akhkhar al-Muslimun wa li-madha taqaddam ghayruhum? 'Why have the Moslems become backward and why have others made progress?' This, Professor Cantwell Smith tells us in one of his many admirable footnotes, was the title of a series of articles by that major prophet of Moslem revival and Arab nationalism, Shekib Arslan, which first appeared in the Cairo journal *al-Manar* in 1930-31 and later circulated in book form throughout the Moslem world. The question has since been discussed by Moslems 'in hundreds of lesser books and thousands of poems, articles, and speeches'. The purpose of Professor Cantwell Smith's study is not to try to answer this vast question, but to place it in its historical context; to explain what it means to those who ask it; and to give some account of the varying answers so far given by four major Moslem communities – the Arab, the Turkish, the Pakistani, and the Indian. The question matters profoundly – this, I think, is Professor Cantwell Smith's central thesis – because 'the fundamental *malaise* of modern Islam is a sense that something has gone wrong with Islamic history'. Islam by its nature is a world-view which must seek to express itself in a social order. Moslems cannot choose to withdraw into other-worldliness without ceasing to be Moslems.

> For the Muslim, like the Marxist, but unlike the Hindu, what happens here below is of inescapable and lasting significance. The building up of a proper community life on earth is a supreme imperative. . . . The Islamic enterprise has been the most serious and sustained endeavour ever put forward to implement Justice among men, and until the rise of Marxism was also the largest and most ambitious. . . .

Just because they take this world seriously, Moslem communities are everywhere confronted with problems arising out of the 'tension between their sense on the one hand of what Islamic history is essentially, and their awareness on the other hand of what their actual history is observably' – 'Why have the Moslems become backward?'

It is useful to be reminded that this is a relatively new question, the product of a new kind of tension. True, there have been other times of crisis in Islamic history: immediately following the death of the Prophet; after the Battle of the Camel (in the 36th Hejira year) when the Moslem community found itself irreparably divided; after 1258, when Baghdad fell to the Mongol invaders. But what has gone wrong with Islamic history since about the year 1800 has been different in kind from previous crises. The Moslem world has found itself everywhere confronted with, and dominated by, a technologically superior, exuberant Europe. 'During most of the nineteenth century the pressure and the domination increased. The Dutch in Indonesia, the British in India, the Russians in Central Asia, the French in Africa, ruled Moslem society in full formality. Iran and the Ottoman Empire retained political sovereignty but were independent without being free.' Hence the principal theme, running through the last hundred years of Islamic history, has been the search for ways in which to transform this situation; to restore the vigour and effectiveness of the divinely guided community; to work out the practical implications of the reformer Jamalu-d-Din Afghani's Koranic precept – 'Verily, God does not change the condition of a people until they change their own condition.' The search has led in

various directions. To liberalism – but is Moslem liberalism more than a shadow of Western liberalism? To nationalism – but how are the requirements of the 'nation' to be reconciled with the imperatives of Islam? Through an 'Islamic State'? Or through a secular State? Or is there some third way? To apologetics – but is defence of the Faith an adequate substitute for analysis of the problems facing the Faithful? To 'dynamism' (expressed through such institutions as the Moslem Brotherhood) – but, unless the 'dynamic' is directed towards rational ends, can Islamic revival be prevented from degenerating into revival of bigotry? Now, roughly since the Second World War, the tide of European power has begun to ebb; the major Moslem communities of the world have recovered the historical initiative. But the basic problem of 'backwardness' remains unresolved. The search continues.

This is the most intelligent, illuminating interpretation of Moslem contemporary history that I have read since Professor H. A. R. Gibb's *Modern Trends in Islam*. Naturally there are aspects that one could have wished otherwise. The language at times seems self-conscious. The chapters dealing with particular Moslem societies have a somewhat impressionistic quality – like sketches for something more substantial. And – while I respect Professor Cantwell Smith's present position, that religious and ethical ideas should be studied in and for themselves (and not merely as 'reflections' of economic and social facts) – it seems a new form of ancient dogma, and unnecessary for his thesis, to presuppose that 'in practice, as well as in theory, they who start by denying transcendence end by denying value'. But the book's great virtue, over and above learning and span, is that it is written with sympathetic insight. It seeks to grasp situations and problems from the inside; and entirely avoids the instrumental, manipulative, managerial, 'What-a-pity-Nasser-isn't-another-Nuri' attitude to the Moslem world that, even at the level of scholarship, continues to haunt Western literature.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Dead End

The Channel Tunnel. By HUMPHREY SLATER and CORRELLI BARNETT. *Allan Wingate.* 21*s.*

Scientists perform the miracles nowadays. The nineteenth century relied on engineers. Their monstrous achievements have a fascination of their own. Weight was their special characteristic in word and deed. Railways, bridges, steamships, steam-ploughs – the earth must have groaned under them. They cut through the earth and burrowed under it. Their record of success is broken by a fragment of failure: the Channel Tunnel, still waving its two pathetic tentacles seawards. The story follows the usual pattern. First the ingenious pioneer, pushing the idea without technical knowledge or financial resources. Then the creative business-man, engineer and City magnate, who set out to make the tunnel by the drive of his compelling personality. Sir Edward Watkin is a figure to set alongside Stephenson or Brunel. But in this case the story did not run true to form. Politics intervened. Government departments in England resisted the Channel Tunnel, as they had resisted the Suez Canal, but this time successfully. Sir Garnet Wolseley, most forgotten of military heroes, sounded the alarm of invasion. He foresaw thousands of French soldiers, alighting from trains before the eyes of helpless Customs-officials. The borings for the Tunnel were arrested and never revived. Even in

WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?

We know that Russia is an unknown quantity—baffling, capricious, secretive. But America, the other great power who is our close ally, can be an enigma. For, despite the daily torrent of press despatches about its life, its politics, and the inmost thoughts of its leaders, no country projects so confusing an image of itself upon the world.

Too easily we think of it merely as a land flowing in mink and washing machines. We forget that the United States today is a deeply troubled land: the quality of its leadership in question: its technical supremacy now openly challenged: its diplomatic and military policy in doubt: the trend of its economy a large question mark.

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1930 the fear of invasion was enough to defeat it again. Now no-one takes this danger seriously, except apparently Sir Edward Spears.

The authors have written a book both entertaining and instructive. Their only fault is a daubed backcloth of general history to mark the passing of time, a faded device that should have gone out with Guedalla. But these passages are easily skipped. There is an admirable parade of crackpot schemes: suspension-bridges; tubes lowered on to the seabed; enormous ferry-boats themselves stretching almost from Dover to Calais. There is also a pearl of Gladstonian utterance: 'He did not know whether he was in favour of the project; but he knew that he was opposed to the opponents of it'. However, despite the authors' skilful advocacy, one hard and unpleasant fact gradually emerges: to the present day no one is sure that the Tunnel can be made. There is impervious chalk on each coast; and this certainly runs under the sea. But does it run fairly level all the way? One serious fault and the sea would come roaring in. New scientific methods can take better soundings than ever the Victorians did; but they cannot reach certainty. There is nothing for it but a pilot tunnel; and this will cost a tidy sum. Of course we should take the risk if some destructive purpose were involved. In this case the result would be wholly beneficent—a judgment which surely damns the whole project.

There is one new fact of a cheering nature. The Suez Canal Company, which puzzlingly has not been ruined by its dealings with Nasser, is looking for new worlds to conquer. What more suitable than the Channel Tunnel? The directors will assume their lost importance; there will be fresh plums for civil servants whom their departments wish to put out to grass.

Mr Slater and Mr Barnett believe that a Tunnel will achieve a political revolution by making Great Britain truly a part of Europe. There is no need of such high-minded argument. A hundred years hence some English Nasser can have lots of fun nationalising the Channel Tunnel—to everyone's advantage.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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PETER WORSLEY
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MacGibbon and Kee

In Love with Greece

An Affair of the Heart. By DILYS POWELL. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 21*s.*

Miss Powell has set to work on a small canvas: the purpose of this seemingly artless little book of travel and reminiscence about Greece is ostensibly to portray the scars and changes which 25 years have left on the people of two villages, Mycenæ and Perachora—which Miss Powell happens to know and chooses to write about; also I suppose to convey to the outsider something of the disciplines and excitements of archæology. In fact, Miss Powell has dug so deep into the Greek character that she has written something of permanent and universal value; and if by masterpiece one means a work which, in its genre and at its scale, comes within sight of perfection, the word is not wholly out of place.

Miss Powell's method is to describe four separate views she had of Mycenæ and Perachora and their inhabitants; the first when she lived and worked with her first husband in Greece in the early and middle Thirties; the others in 1945, 1953 and 1954. By narrowing her focus in this way and examining what she sees in minute detail, she shows the reader something of the living heart of Greece and spares us almost all the normal bromides of the travelogue. There are a few fair criticisms: the political judgments are naive and inexpert—though by no means unworthy of respect, for they are based on honest, first-hand observation. There are a very few passages where her conscientious multiplication of detail becomes momentarily tedious and trivial—after all, the art of the miniaturist is not the same as the writing of picture postcards. It can be argued that the account of the under-water 'dig' at Chios, which forms most of the last section of the book, is ill-matched with the pilgrimages to Mycenæ and Perachora: also that it is somewhat old hat—more people now know about goggles and schnorkels than Miss Powell seems to be aware of. But these are the tiny flaws in fine craftsmanship.

There is, moreover, something more here than craftsmanship. Miss Powell first knew her Greece in the company of one of the noblest scholars of the inter-war years, and the simple perspicacity of her observation shows a respect for the austere standards of scholarship which is rare and moving. She approaches people as she does places, with respect and humility as well as with inquisitiveness. She asks questions in pursuit, not of copy, but of truth. There is something Quixotic and exemplary, as well as comic, in the picture of her striding across the barren hills from Jannina to Metsovo, accompanied by an importunate young muleteer, weighed down by rucksack and sodden raincoat, determined to savour in a combination of ecstasy and penance the last refinement of her love affair with Greece.

A masterpiece then? The accolade must not be bestowed on so slight a work. But Philhellenes will recognise *An Affair of the Heart*, with its dignity, its reticence and the unflattering love of Greece which inspires it, as being none the less a jewel.

JOHN FREEMAN

Lutes and Lobsters

The Antiphon. By DJUNA BARNES. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Twenty-two years ago, *Nightwood*, a novel by Djuna Barnes, appeared with a foreword by T. S. Eliot that adjudged it a masterpiece. The younger generation have probably never read that strangely haunting book set in the American expatriate Paris of the period of Stein and Sylvia Beach and, indeed, of Joyce, Picasso and many other renowned exiles. Miss Barnes's expatriates, who out-James James in super-sensibility, move in a phantasmagoria reminiscent perhaps of Karen Blixen's half-mad ruined grandeur. Unlike Baroness Blixen, Djuna Barnes possessed an intense sense of the contemporary—both in theme and style; and, more important, a compassionate insight into the darkest roots of human love and pity. *Nightwood* was something more than a period piece.

The Antiphon is a three-act play in blank verse. Again, the theme is the tragedy of helpless compassion, a retrospective maternal love of daughter for mother than cannot redeem the curse that the past has laid upon a group of characters that come to a Family Reunion that makes Wishwood seem homely and Thebes sane. The bitterness and shame of the fall of Eve has never, I think, been attempted in terms so fundamental; for the woman's part is different from the man's. Yeats touches it, in *Purgatory*, from the point of view of the heirs, but Miss Barnes's Augusta, an old woman returned to the English country-house where she was born, raves and rages in her bitterness and incomprehension of the inadvertence, irrelevance, of the evil accident of the sexual act (her husband was an American Mormon and a beast) that engenders human lives, tragedy and misery without end.

Three sons and a daughter, all with fifty or more winters on their heads, have lived long enough to taste to the full the curse of their mixed birth. Two sons are vulgar brutes, and in the daughter, Miranda, herself a ruined life, the mother sees herself, a generation on, still suffering, still degraded; and the daughter, identifying herself with her mother in retrospective compassion, seeks to redeem the past:

> . . . in her hour, become by me, twice-headed,
> The one head on the other stared, and wept.

The tragedy is 'waged with style', and to the death.

The act of crude violence, which seems to be the necessary core of any American drama (even Mr Eliot's Harry has committed his murder, off-stage) is not displayed for the gratification of Demos, as in the plays of Tennessee Williams or Arthur Miller. The horrific implication is conveyed in the production of a tiny Noah's Ark, through whose puppet windows Augusta is made to see the past, the rape of her daughter, the handing-on of her own shame. The scene recalls some Jacobean masquerade in which the lover is made to kiss the skull of his dead mistress, or is poisoned by a portrait.

Only in America is a tone at once so macabre and so aristocratic still possible. Nightwood is not like Milkwood, for village feet to trample. Its mazes are a private hell, precariously preserved by some few half-mad inheritors of a long cultural tradition whose last heirs all have one foot in the grave. They inherit the ruins of time: 'a dressmaker's dummy, the regimentals, surrounded by music-stands, horns, fiddles, gun-cases, band-boxes, masks, toys and broken statues, man and beast.' While our universities advance under the brick-red banner of D. H. Lawrence, what likelihood is there that such golden grasshoppers and

bees as *The Antiphon* or David Jones's *Anathemata* will not be trampled underfoot?

The Antiphon is unmistakeably the work of a mind of distinction and stature. I was not so much moved as shaken by the spectres it raises. But is it, as a work of art, successful? Is it really comparable with Webster, or is the style a sham Jacobean, or a sham Eliot-Jacobean, mask?

> Would oiling thrushes get them through a sieve?
> Nay, rigour does it –

is merely mannered; but

> I've seen you dig for Antony
> With a kitchen spoon

or

> The swallower of swords whose hidden lunge
> Has not brought up his adversary yet –

could only have been written from the dark experience that yields such images. There are many such phrases and fragments that would not disgrace a *Revenger's Tragedy*. There are passages, reminiscent of Eliot's 'The chair she sat in, like a burnished throne' in which Miss Barnes exploits the tension between antique style and modern image:

> My brindled tweed full gallooned to the foot
> With hems that haunted everywhere I walked;
> While about my head a leghorn reeled
> Bridling the wind. . . .

or

> When having run her ways, backed into dock,
> (Her more than Oriental rooms in Grosvenor Square);
> An awesome hull in feral brilliants paved,
> Wearing on her head a turban's bale,
> A coil twice as cunning as her mind. . . .

But the speeches of the characters are never, in the true sense, dramatic, shaped by a living emotion. For all the sombre violence of imagery, they are aggregates of fancy, not imaginative expressions proceeding from an inner unity of condition or thought. The characters rave, but they do not convince that they feel their ravings with any immediacy. Fanciful in the highest degree, Miss Barnes fails, within the meaning of Coleridge's definition, to be imaginative.

One may say that Djuna Barnes is to early Eliot what Samuel Beckett is to Joyce. The emergence of two such remarkable writers, whose flowering is so late as to bloom in another world, ought at least to remind us of the astonishing transformation of language that was undertaken and achieved in the Twenties; and Djuna Barnes not only possesses the style of her period, she helped to form it. *The Antiphon* lacks that sense of the contemporary that made *Nightwood* a book likely to be always read as a distinguished minor work of a brilliant period. Nevertheless, it is a work of a very great distinction. We shall not see its like again.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Cases of Miscasting?

Georgian Afternoon. By L. E. JONES. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

The Long Sunday. By PETER FLETCHER. *Faber.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Autobiography – even in the great classic works of saints and scholars – has always offered the happiest means of expressing such things as grievance, ire, revenge. The second book considered here, *The Long Sunday*, is a clearer instance of this than Sir Lawrence Jones's urbane and witty *Georgian Afternoon*, for on the face of it what bad angel has ever stood in Sir Lawrence's easy, fortunate path? And yet, there is always a refractory figure among the bankers, brokers and squires whom he describes – one of their number but somehow not in the pattern – and it looks very much like that of Sir Lawrence himself.

> I feel myself to be a retired lawyer and a retired soldier (he writes after twenty years in the City) but never a retired financier. . . . But if I have been a case of miscasting, I have had no regrets.

Miscasting . . . does that word describe Sir Lawrence's case? We left him, at the end of his second autobiographical volume, post-Balliol, post-Bar, on the threshold of a City firm that made (one of those typically unaccommodating facts that fiction would avoid) a kind of prismatic glass. In City posts, it seems, one should not fail: one need not shine. Sir Lawrence had the good taste to do neither. He moved on to the mysterious worlds of banking and stockbroking and there, in the present volume, we may follow him, through service in two wars (in the first he was wounded and a prisoner), through a period of playing the squire in Norfolk, through a late career as a writer – not only of unorthodox works on politics and theology and of brilliant *jeux d'esprit* at the end of this paper, but of plays which were acted on the West End stage. Yet in nearly all of these roles he carries an ineradicable air of being *outside* the thing – an amateur, a guest. And there, perhaps, is the secret of his autobiographical gift, the reason why such chapters as those on broking and banking, absurdly informing yet intimately conspiratorial with the reader, should appeal to most of us most.

Sir Lawrence's strength is in observation, anecdote, and comment; his weakness (less evident than in his previous book) the private nostalgia which the reader cannot share. His own portrait, however, no sooner forms than it dissolves. Take him as his neighbours would see him, in the rural 1930s. He is a pre-Munich anti-Nazi (unfashionable timing, of course); he disturbs the Norfolk gentry by supporting a Labour candidate. But he also disturbs the *Church Times* by advertising for a Rector who should be 'a gentleman in the old-fashioned snobbish sense of the word'. Deerstalking is to this day his best-loved pursuit. A self-styled pacifist, he has found a deep satisfaction in war, 'the destruction of the disturbers of the peace'. You could hardly say that he has taken no risks and therefore known no reverses; it would be untrue. You *might* observe that his demands were cautious – and his wishes have been fulfilled. If he appears throughout to be playing at work, he is also ardently working at play. One may guess under which heading comes the occasional writing which (as in the present volume) he does so well.

Perhaps the hardest thing to forgive in anyone's past is the imposed convention or belief; the artificial sense of sin. The classic account of youthful acceptance and revolt is Gosse's *Father and Son*; Mr Fletcher's *The Long Sunday* (a good title) tells a tale of very much the same kind. This is a shrewd but far from dispassionate record of Wesleyan Methodist family life in an East Anglian seaside town during the author's boyhood, from 1904 to 1914. Thereafter, in a rough army camp of the First World War, the rigid enchantment broke; the long Sunday came to an end; 'the fabric of human relationships,' the unworldly eighteen-year-old discovered, 'was much more complex than I had hitherto supposed'.

All set religions (runs the thesis of this interesting book), whether of the restrictive or ecstatic sort, are in fact a severance from life. Low Church Christianity is not the only religious institution to offer both the fervours and the prohibitions, but it has them in good measure, and the author grew up with a fairly formidable knowledge of both. He also understood, from an early age, a more subtle matter in a God-fearing provincial town of many sects – the hierarchy of religious acceptability. So well was he trained that, as a young child,

> I could have prepared a seating-plan of Heaven . . . showing exactly where the members of the several denominations, from Salvationists to Roman Catholics, would find themselves in relation to the Great White Throne. . . . At a moment's notice I could have supervised the seating accommodation . . . and conducted any citizen of the town to the place reserved for him.

So too, of course, he adds, (though with certain rearrangements) could the infants of other creeds.

The act of rebellion against one's early beliefs contains not a few elements of violence: self-murder, perhaps; certainly, parricide. The author's parents, as he sees them in sad retrospect, were not well matched. His mother was hot-tempered, slapdash and obstinate, impossible to reason with. His father, a dispensing chemist, was meticulous, careful, slow, unfailingly exact. 'He looked,' his son writes, 'as I am sure he always felt, disheartened.' An air of failure hung about him – perhaps of unfulfilled ability. This intolerant, well-meaning and somehow pathetic couple never really understood the values they enforced (with the curious lapses in logic common to all religions) in their home. 'They kept their feet unwaveringly on a straight and narrow path between good and evil, never knowing which was which or why it wasn't the other.' They did not foresee that their son – now a Harley Street consultant in psychology – would one day follow a profession before which these arbitrary values could not survive.

The Bankrupts
BRIAN GLANVILLE

Of this new novel (by the author of *Along the Arno*), sharply depicting one aspect of Jewish society, JOHN WAIN writes: "I think it leaves one in no possible doubt that Glanville is a genuine novelist who ought to be taken account of in any survey of the literary scene today."
Feb. 17. 16*s.*

My Great Aunt Appearing Day
JOHN PREBBLE

These stories, two about the Indian wars and two about the post-Civil war period in the United States, have not only immense excitement but a sense of period that lift them far out of the category of "Westerns".
Feb. 17. 13*s.* 6*d.*

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SYLVIA ASHTON-WARNER

"Miss Ashton-Warner captures the storms which shake her own heart with the same skill with which she catches the chaotic creative bustle of the infants' room in her New Zealand school. And how well she does it!"—MISS READ, author of *Village School*.
Feb. 24. 18*s.*

Secker & Warburg

Mr Fletcher tells his story with economy and point. It is worth reading not only as a document, but for many incidental things, among them the Erewhonian chapter on the spiritual affinities between the cinema and the church, the observations on the modern evangelists in their different fields (Hitler, Billy Graham and others), and for many of the characters and scenes. An ironic tenderness, not untouched even now with the old irritation, pervades the book and gives these characters throughout a curiously vivid life.

NAOMI LEWIS

Pietas

The Meddlesome Friar. By MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE. *Collins.* 18*s.*

This is the sort of book which gets Catholic historians a bad name. Not that Count Michael de la Bedoyere is a historian – on the contrary, he is the editor of the *Catholic Herald* – but by displaying to an absurd degree the characteristic faults of his academic co-believers, he adds grist to the mills of the profane. (After all, Professor Trevor-Roper should be made to work for his laughs.) The conflict between Alexander VI and Savonarola is a fascinating subject, but full of pitfalls for the devout. The Count is only too obviously aware of this, and his elephantine efforts not to fall into them take up more than half the volume. Indeed, the bad pope and the good friar emerge not so much as historical figures, but as knotty conundrums of the type likely to confront Catholic Evidence Guild Speakers at Marble Arch (for his next subject I suggest that the Count tackles that old teaser Pope Joan). Not, I hasten to add, that the dedicatory page bears the episcopal *nihil obstat*; but those that follow infallibly exude the pious odour of ultramontane orthodoxy.

Briefly, then, the Count sets out to prove that Alexander, though a lascivious scoundrel, was a perfectly reputable pope, and that Savonarola, though a saintly man, was rightly condemned by the Church. Now none of this is very difficult, indeed I seem to recollect that it has been done a very large number of times before. Savonarola should certainly have been condemned, if not for spiritual disobedience, small-mindedness and homicidal egotism, then at least for arson; and I have no doubt that, if he had lived today, any Italian government would have given him short shrift for burning national art-treasures. As for Alexander, I see no reason – nor do the theologians – why his moral failings should in any way undermine the institution of the papacy. On the contrary, it strengthens belief in its importance, just as Mr Selwyn Lloyd's tenure of the Foreign Office reminds us how essential it is to have a good Foreign Secretary.

Unfortunately, the Count does not confine himself to this relatively simple task. The itch of the Catholic editor is too strong for him. Intellectually, he accepts that a pope's private life is irrelevant to his office, but emotionally his gorge rises at the thought of whoring in the Vatican, and the temptation to get out the whitewash is too strong. So we are treated to pages of special pleading, of the type employed by pessimistic barristers on really hopeless cases. It is true, he tells us, that Alexander wrote a letter to his mistress threatening her with excommunication unless she left her husband and returned to him, but isn't this just another example of A's rather rarified clerical sense of humour, for which he was famous? As for incest, can we *really* believe a pope would stoop so low? And that story about him taking his daughter to a stud-farm – would a man who had such a strong sense of family obligations *really* behave in such a wickedly unparental manner? And so it goes on. The best that can be said about this book is that it is short, well-illustrated, and reasonably priced.

PAUL JOHNSON

February, 1958 *Price 7s. 6d.*

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New Novels

Kaywana Blood. By EDGAR MITTELHOLZER. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

Nothing but the Night. By JAMES YAFFE. *Cape.* 18*s.*

Born in Wedlock. By MARGARET ECHARD. *Michael Joseph.* 16*s.*

The Assize of the Dying. By EDITH PARGETER. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Mr Mittelholzer is such an odd fish among writers that no book of his can be devoid of interest. Even his most eccentric works, such as *The Weather in Middenshot*, or *My Bones and My Flute*, have a sort of whooping, bogey-bogey, jump-out-and-say-Boo attraction which redeems them from complete silliness: they cannot be shrugged off. He is bursting with vigour and with a bizarre imagination which catches fire from the likeliest and the most unlikely flints. *Kaywana Blood* is as near as he can get to the commonplace, but that isn't near enough to put him in any real danger as yet. This is a further addition to the saga of the Van Groenwegel family, slave-owning planters in Guiana about the end of the eighteenth century. Dirk and Graham are children when the story begins. Graham is an admirable, high-principled boy, though something of a softie; Dirk has 'raccoon's eyes', is wild and sadistic, and obsessed by the idea of the Family and of the importance of having white blood. Most of the book is about his reluctant passion for Rose, a mulatto girl, who eventually takes to drink and is burned to death after a bout of debauchery with Dirk's cousin Pelham. The trouble with this, as with nearly all family chronicles, is that the interest doesn't survive the older generation. Mr Mittelholzer makes a valiant attempt to switch it away from Dirk to Pelham's nasty boy Francis, who dabbles in *obeah*, but without much luck. Strain replaces natural energy, and the book burns down with Rose.

If this novel sometimes seems little better than a hundred long, historical-romantic, sex and violence novels, it is because Mr Mittelholzer has got out of the habit of reading his sentences through twice. One knows from *A Morning at the Office* how well he can write, when his whole concentration is engaged: and there is no excuse for the slapdash staginess of some of his dialogue now. 'Can you envisage me relying on the wisdom of a woman? Pah!' says Dirk. I, too, say 'Pah'.

It is hard luck on Mr James Yaffe that *Nothing but the Night* should have appeared within a few months of Mr Meyer Levin's *Compulsion*, since both are based on the Leopold and Loeb case. I'm not sure it wasn't hard luck that the idea occurred to either of them, for, although Mr Levin's study was a more powerful and a more deliberate attempt to 'think through' the unthinkable, the theme is miles outside the range of either novelist.

Crimes of this sort so far exceed the normal scope of empathy that they make surprisingly poor literary material; they are case-book stuff, not the stuff of novels. There are two kinds of really interesting murders: those with some genuine touch of mystery still hanging round them – Madeline Smith, W. H. Wallace, Adelaide Bartlett, Mrs Maybrick: and those in which participants and motives can be easily understood by the lively imagination, the 'there but by the Grace of God' crimes – Crippen, Armstrong, Thompson and Bywaters. Except in the purely sensational or horrific sense, the crimes of Christie, Haigh, Heath, Leopold and Loeb fall outside the capacities of normal intelligent speculation, and outside the scope of anyone who isn't a Dostoevsky. Not that even Dostoevsky could have provided a satisfactory analysis of what went on in those extraordinary minds; but he would have hypnotised us into thinking he had.

Mr Yaffe follows the course of the Leopold and Loeb crime less precisely than Mr Levin, and wastes little time upon detection and trial. He does some plodding Freudian textbook work upon the boyhood of his depressing couple, whom he calls Barry Morris and Paul King, but has nothing illuminating of his own to offer. It is perfectly easy to bring the characters plausibly to the point at which they imagine their crime; where Mr Yaffe falls down, where Mr Levin fell down, and where anyone else is going to fall down, is in attempting to make the transition between the fantasy and the action. The whole mystery of murder lies upon the hairline between the desire and the performance, and if a writer cannot force his imagination across it, he had better leave the mystery alone.

What Maisie knew is the absolute limit of what any child should. Miss Echard's nine-year-old Kathy knows far too much and writes about it with a precocity not explained away by the prologue, in which we are carefully informed that she grew up to be a force in American letters. *Born in Wedlock* is an exercise in the *faux naif*: the kind of thing some people find delightful and

others can't stand. It is a lively and good-humoured period piece, and it seems unfair to come down upon it with too heavy a hand; yet the selection of the narrator plants falseness right at the core.

Kathy and her sister Jean are the children of a naughty touring actress (USA, 1900) who succeeded in marrying a gentleman: she was the first of her family to marry one, she explains, and so far as she knows the first even to get married at all. She is widowed now, and a second gentleman, a rising politician, falls in love with her. He takes her off to his fine Southern home, which causes a ferocious scandal, and then goes to the lengths of marrying her himself. Kathy observes the progress of this affair with her bright and beady eye and records it with bogus innocence – the struggle of their aunt to wrest them away from Mama, the near-elopement of Mama with an old flame, the emergence of her second husband into full hero-hood. It would have been an engaging enough piece of refined Tararaboomdeay if Miss Echard had been content to tell it in the third person, and I should have liked it much better.

Miss Edith Pargeter can write very well sometimes, with great social passion and moral force; but she is oddly uneven. I am not at all sure what prompted her to write *The Assize of the Dying*, which comprises three long stories, two of which are semi-thrillers and the third a very ordinary and un-illuminated piece about a party of people trapped for days by an avalanche. The title story concerns an old man wrongly condemned for murder, who commands judge, prosecuting counsel, foreman of the jury and real murderer to face him after their deaths, which he believes will come about as soon as he himself is dead. It looks as though a fourteenth-century Spanish legend put the idea into Miss Pargeter's head. She has a certain gift for rhetoric, and the story sweeps off at a fine pace before settling down disappointingly into a mere who-dun-it. The second story, *Aunt Helen*, is about one of those perfect women with feet of clay. This is done with some verve, and some nice splashes of imagination; but it isn't up to Miss Pargeter's real form. Almost any middling writer could do as well with this kind of material, but this writer is far more than middling and should treat herself more generously.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

The Doctor's Vindication

The First Ascent of Mont Blanc. By T. GRAHAM BROWN and SIR GAVIN DE BEER. *Oxford.* 70*s.*

As part of its centenary celebrations the Alpine Club has, by sponsoring this scholarly, handsome volume, chivalrously righted an old injustice. The victim was the Chamonix doctor Michel-Gabriel Paccard, who first led the way up Mont Blanc in 1786; the villains were Jacques Balmat, the crystal-hunter who went with him; Bourrit, the twisty precentor of Geneva; the aristocratic savant de Saussure, and finally Alexandre Dumas, who demonstrated once again that when a skilled writer gives a lie a good run, truth will have very hard work catching up.

Paccard had already made many expeditions in the Mont Blanc range, collecting plants, observing the rock and ice structure; his ambition was to take a barometric reading on the top of Mont Blanc, and he planned the ascent, chose the route, and was slightly ahead of Balmat on top. It was the first major Alpine peak ascended – and the highest – and they had climbed 8,000 feet over largely unknown ground from their bivouac to the summit. This extraordinary feat roused mixed feelings in Bourrit, who had written high-flown books about Mont Blanc and often attempted it without getting very high; and in de Saussure, whose great and costly caravan of guides the year before had not brought him within 3,000 feet of a summit now reached by two men only.

So the disappointed pair retaliated by playing down the part of Paccard – a scientist who could be regarded by De Saussure as a learned rival – and playing up the role of Balmat, the rough peasant with a lion's courage. Bourrit rushed into print with an account which gave the impression of a lusty Balmat hauling an exhausted Paccard to the top (as Tenzing was supposed by Nepalese nationalists to have hauled an exhausted Hillary up the last feet of Everest). De Saussure, who wished his own projected ascent (realised the following year with Balmat and about 17 other guides) to rank as the first truly scientific one, did nothing to put matters right though he knew of Paccard's barometric and other observations. Paccard intended to publish his own story, but only got as far as a printed prospectus (on the basis of which bibliographers have chased a ghost book all over Europe); and passed the rest of his days quietly at Chamonix, a modest and likeable man.

Five years after his death in 1827, Alexandre Dumas turned up in Chamonix to collect copy for his *Impressions de Voyage*; Balmat was produced for him and, bottle at elbow, the old guide did his expected stuff – by this time he was taking credit for the preliminary explorations as well as for the initiative on the climb itself. Very naturally, Dumas swallowed it all, and sent it out into the world in his racy prose. So grew the popular legend, still impressed on the consciousness of every visitor who stops to look at the statue in the square at Chamonix of a heroic Balmat pointing the way up Mont Blanc to a noble de Saussure.

Here and there, as the nineteenth century went on, questions were asked, doubts expressed, events reconstructed in Paccard's favour. But a good deal of the material was scattered through books mainly on other subjects, or in mountaineering journals. Now the whole story has been put together by Professor Graham Brown, who knows all the routes up Mont Blanc (he pioneered three of them) and Sir Gavin de Beer, who knows all the routes of Alpine history from Hannibal onwards. Between them they have unearthed documents, established dates and times, checked the details of the ascent on the mountain itself; and they have traced the iniquities of Bourrit and de Saussure through a network of personal rivalries and Genevan politics. They have transcribed Dr Paccard's Notebook and the journal of a Baron von Gersdorf who, through a telescope at Chamonix, followed Paccard and Balmat on the climb. For the final irony is that there was an eye-witness, and the truth had been quite plain for all to see until envy and malice began their distorting work. Professor Graham Brown and Sir Gavin de Beer do not write as racily as Dumas, nor was that their aim; but it is entirely appropriate that it should be two Fellows of the Royal Society who have so handsomely vindicated Paccard, whose motive in climbing the mountain was not fame, but knowledge.

JANET ADAM SMITH

A new edition has appeared of the late F. S. Smythe's *Climbs and Ski Runs* (Black, 15s.): his first book, which includes his account of the Sentinelle Rouge and Col Major routes on Mont Blanc, made with Professor Graham Brown.

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To correct the erroneous notion that the great *end* of poetry was rhyme, Tom Hood wrote a specimen verse that began as follows:

Rat-tat it went upon the lion's chin;
'That hat, I know it!' cried the joyful girl;
'Summer's it is, I know him by his knock;
Comers like him are welcome as the day!'

For the usual prizes competitors are invited to submit an extract of 12 lines from a poem with initial disyllabic rhymes as above, entitled *In the Beginning*.

Report

'Hood *would* do this sort of thing!' began Rivi, and 'What a devilish competition!' moaned James S. Fidgen. Hood himself, when introducing this novelty of his own under the pen-name of John Dryden Grubb, expressed his regret that such poets as Chaucer and Cottle, Spenser and Hayley, Milton and Pratt, Pope and Pye, Byron and Batterbee should have died before it was invented. It seems that NEW STATESMAN competitors (dare one think of them as the modern parallels of those secondly named in the above pairs?) may congratulate themselves on being the first to follow in Hood's footsteps upon this particular area of Parnassus.

As for themes, Creation romped home an easy first, with Prosody second and Love's Awakening third. As I had expected, *Adam, Madam* rhymes were well in evidence. In the end, prizes of two guineas each are awarded to Audrey L. Laski and P. M. for specimens of the new not-so-blank verse; one guinea goes to Vera Telfer ('I hope you don't mind rhymes both ends; you did not forbid them'); and half a guinea each to Gloria Prince, the only consistent champion of the *Hiawatha* metre, and, notwithstanding some minor flaws, D. R. Peddy. The runners-up: John Thornton, James S. Fidgen, J. R. Till, Stanley J. Sharpless, R. W. Rawlings, Desmond Skirrow, R. A. McKenzie, J. A. Lindon, B. B. Causer, Rhoda Elliott, David Thompson and Little Billee.

IN THE BEGINNING

Darker the night of chaos than we know;
Starker its bleakness than our minds can grasp;
Hidden the shapely universe until
Bidden to revelation by the Word.
Wonderful then the rolling ball of Earth
Under the cruising lights of moon and sun;
Flower and grass entrancingly arose,
Shower and sun inciting them to grow;
Creatures began to stir, to run, to flaunt
Features which generations would endorse.
Vastly creation's panorama spread.
Lastly emerged the name-bestower, Man.

AUDREY L. LASKI

Maybe the milky fragrance of young creatures—
Baby and calf and puppy—was Creation's
Odour, the breath of new-born things whose sweetness
Flowed o'er the earth. That scent grows faint, we barely
Savour it now, our jaded senses rather
Favour the aura of man's own inventions.
Flower and growth have lost their smell of wonder—
Power hath emanations more enticing,
Drugging the mind. 'Tis in brief moments only,
Hugging some soft young life, we breath the primal
Essence, and go more humbly to our Science
Lessons, whose end is but decay—and stenches.

P. M.

Natal day five times has passed;
Fatal day has come at last:
Mother takes to school the boy,
Other parent shares her joy,
Father, who shows no concern,
Rather pleased that Mum can earn.
Shilling now will buy child's lunch,
Willing (?) Staff will watch him munch.
Turning from the gastric juices,
Learning, too, may have its uses.
Clever boys without a fuss
Ever pass Eleven Plus.

VERA TELFER

Greetings in a maze of people,
Meetings merging into partings;
Much is made of very little,
Touches are uncommon thrilling;
Table-sharing, nothing eaten,
Mabel staring, maybe blushing;
Allan looking at her, sighing,
Balancing the bread-and-butter . . .
Slices tumble in his tea-cup!
Ice is broken by her laughter:
This is all the couple needed:
Kisses come, and consummation.

GLORIA PRINCE

Age Triassic: swamps where, regnant,
Raged Triceratops & Co.;
Where, occasionally, monstrous
Pterodactyls soared above.
Dinosaurs of no mean stature
Minor saurians consumed—
Growing ever more unwieldy,
Showing little sign of brain.

Palaeontologic gold-dust
Gaily swaggered to their doom;
Swaggered out unto extinction,
Staggered out beneath their weight. . . .

D. R. PEDDY

City Lights

Going Down?

Even the Chancellor and the Governor were half-apologetic about their decision to push the Bank Rate to 7 per cent. It was obviously an emergency measure to be reversed as soon as the immediate crisis had passed, and for the past week or two, sniffing a reduction in the air, the gilt-edged market has been wagging its tail furiously. Sterling has remained extremely firm in the foreign exchange markets and the gold reserve has continued to recover lost ground. Interest rates have been falling in other countries, particularly in America. Since the turn of the year the fall in US short-term rates has accelerated sharply, partly for technical and accidental reasons but mainly because of the business recession and the reduced demand for short-term money. When Treasury bills are yielding only 1½ per cent. in New York, a London rate of over 6 per cent. seems too high to last. Hot money, of course, is not what it used to be and there is no reason to suppose that the difference in rates has yet pulled more than a modest amount of it into the London market. But bill rate is tending to fall in any case, and the steady fall in US rates can only reinforce the tendency.

The Bank can fight against it if it supposes that

too rapid a fall may shake foreign confidence in the toughness of the new Chancellor—it has, in fact, been making a special point of keeping the money market on a tight rein. Even if bill rate continues to fall, as it probably will, Bank Rate need not follow it down for some time, particularly since the Bank likes to make its changes when nobody is expecting them. The market's anticipation of a change provides an excellent opportunity, as it did at precisely this time a year ago, for selling considerable quantities of long-dated stock. But if the Bank's love of funding overreaches itself, if it overdoes the period of anticipation, there is a danger that a modest cut in Bank Rate will come as an anticlimax.

Whatever happens to Bank Rate, official sales of long-dated stock—the government broker's supplies are thought to be running low and may soon be replenished with a new issue—will prevent the market from rising sharply. And there are still plenty of other borrowers queueing up for admission. This week, for example, the LCC has announced the issue of £20m. stock, the largest local authority issue ever, on terms which are necessarily over-generous.

* * *

The Treasury is easily fluttered by the doings of hire-purchase finance companies. Olds Discount needed to raise fresh capital a short time ago and, knowing that the Treasury (through the Capital Issues Committee) would refuse it the permission it had refused before, the company decided to take the usual long-cut. No permission is needed to acquire another company through an exchange of shares. Olds acquired a company whose only assets were £245,000 in cash and made arrangements for the shares it issued in exchange to be re-sold on behalf of the recipients (it could, in fact, have made arrangements for them to be re-sold as a rights issue to its own shareholders). The effect of this transaction was precisely the same as if it had issued shares to the public for cash in the ordinary way, but CIC permission for it was not needed.

The various standard methods of by-passing the CIC have been exploited more thoroughly since money became tight. The method used by Olds is the simplest and most common, but there are others – the multiplication of subsidiary companies, for example, each of which can freely borrow up to £10,000, or the transfer of investments to a subsidiary company in exchange for a saleable debenture. The Chancellor informed a curious member this week that the Treasury was considering the possibility of bringing these devices under control.

* * *

Brewery mergers are getting steadily bigger. The marriage proposed between Watney and Mann Crossman rests, as usual, on a consideration of property values. Watney is anxious to exploit its brewery site in Pimlico more profitably by putting up a hotel and offices on it. This will leave it short of brewing capacity, and the idea of putting up another brewery elsewhere is ruled out by the present level of building costs. A merger was therefore inevitable, and the merger with Mann Crossman, besides providing the usual economies of scale, will make it possible for the gap in output to be filled partly from Watney's own Mortlake brewery and partly from its new partner's brewery in Whitechapel.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 430. A Stickler for Punctuality

'He certainly was, and particularly at meal-times,' my old friend Jacques Mieses used to tell us when in a reminiscent mood; 'never varied them: breakfast at 7, lunch at 12, supper at 8.' And then, with a chuckle, he would add that breakfast, of course, was at 7 p.m., lunch at midnight, and supper at 8 a.m. The man he referred to was Mikhail Ivanovitch Tchigorin who died fifty years ago, almost to the day; as good an excuse as any for remembering him, for he was undoubtedly one of the most interesting personalities in the history of chess. It is by no means for merely sentimental reasons that the only Russian grandmaster of the 19th Century is revered by contemporary Soviet players; more so because (the spiritual ancestor, as it were, of Bronstein, Petrosjan and many other modern grandmasters) he was the great tactician to hold his own against a hyperdogmatic interpretation of the 'Steinitz School'. To prove the point nothing could be more significant than the two correspondence games he won against Steinitz in 1890/91, both of them arranged to test certain opening variations. Here's the first one, with some of Steinitz's comments while the game was still in progress.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-B4; (4) P-QKt4, B x KtP; (5) P-B3, B-R4; (6) O-O, Q-B3; (7) P-Q4, Kt-R3; (8) B-KKt5, Q-Q3; (9) P-Q5, Kt-Q1; (10) Q-R4, B-Kt3; (11) Kt-R3, P-QB3; (12) B-K2! B-B2; (13) Kt-B4, Q-B1; [Here Steinitz, what with his more solid position and White's compromised pawn-structure, claims to have much the better of it, and even after Tchigorin's forceful 14th Steinitz commented: 'I prefer Black's game against anybody, and I certainly would refuse a draw here'] (14) P-Q6!, B x P; (15) Kt-Kt6, R-QKt1; (16) Q x RP, Kt-K3; (17) B-B1!, Kt-Kt1; [Even here Steinitz felt quite safe, commenting: 'I'll bet anybody 2 : 1 against my opponent's chance of winning this position.'] (18) B-R3!, P-QB4; (19) QR-Q1, Kt-B3; (20) B-B4, B-B2; (21) Kt-Q5! B-Q3; (22) Kt-R4! Kt x Kt; (23) Kt-B5! P-KKt3; (24) Kt x B ch, Q x Kt; (25) B x Kt, Q-B2; (26) B x Kt, BP x B; (27) B x P, R-R1; (28) Q x R, Q x B; (29) Q-R4, K-Q1; (30) R-Q2, K-B2; (31) R-Kt1! R-Q1; (32) R-Kt5, Q-B3; (33) Q-Kt4, P-Q3; (34) P-QR4, Q-K1; (35) R-Kt6, Q-B1; (36) Q-R5, P-Q4; (37) P x P, K-Kt1; (38) P-Q6, resigns.

After the game Steinitz gave lavish praise to his opponent's 12th, 14th, and 17th moves. Now here's Tchigorin's smashing win over Teichmann at Cambridge Springs, 1904.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, Kt-QB3 [Tchigorin's favourite defence]; (3) Kt-KB3, B-Kt5; (4) P x P, B x Kt; (5) P x Kt, B x BP; (6) Kt-B3, P-K3; (7) B-B4, Kt-B3; (8) P-K3, B-Kt5; (9) Q-Kt3, Kt-Q4; (10) B-Kt3, O-O; (11) B-Q3, Q-Kt4!; (12) Q-B2, P-B4; (13) B-K5, R-B2; (14) O-O-O, B x Kt; (15) P x B, P-Kt4!; (16) KR-Kt1, Q-Q2; (17) QR-B1, Q-R6 ch; (18) K-Q2, P-Kt5; (19) P-QB4, B-R5!; (20) Q-Kt1, Kt-B6!; (21) Q-R1, R-Q1!; (22) P-Kt3, Kt-K5 ch; (23) K-K2, Kt-B4!; (24) Q-Kt1 (B-Kt1??), Kt x B; (25) Q x Kt, Q x P ch; (26) K-B3, B-B7!; (27) resigns.

Finally, one of Tchigorin's many brilliancies against Schiffers (1881).

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, B-B4; (5) B-K3, Q-B3; (6) P-QB3, KKt- K2; (7) B-QB4, P-Q3; (8) P-B4, Q-Kt3; (9) O-O, Q x P; (10) R-K1, Q-Kt3; (11) Kt x Kt, B x B ch; (12) R x B, P x Kt; (13) Q-K2, Q-B3; (14) Kt-Q2, P-Q4; (15) B-Q3, B-K3; (16) R-KB1, P-Kt3; 17) Kt-Kt3, O-O; (18) P-KKt4, QR-K1; (19) Kt-B5, P-Q5; (20) P-Kt5, Q-R1; (21) R x B! P x R; (22) Q x P ch, K-Kt2; (23) R-Kt1!, P x P.

The final five moves, leading to a forced mate, may well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

B and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins for White and famous beauties, both of them. Usual prizes. Entries by 17 February.

B: Henri Rinck 1932

C: V. Kivi 1941

REPORT on No 427. Set 18 January.

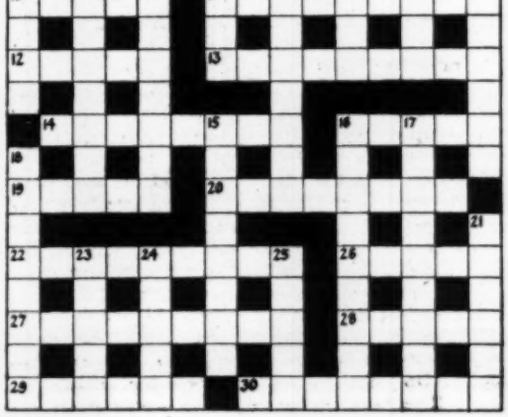
A: (1) B-K2, Q x Kt ch!; (2) P x Q, B x P mate.
B: (1) K-Q7, P-Kt4; (2) K-K6!, P-Kt5; (3) P-Q7, B-Kt4; (4) K-B5 etc.
C: (1) Kt-Q5 ch, K-K5; (2) B-B3 ch! K x B; (3) Kt-Q2 ch, K-Kt7; (4) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt8(R7); (5) Kt-B3 mate.
(1) B x Kt? would be countered by . . . P-Kt7.

Too easy a lot. Masses of correct solutions. Prizes: L. G. Buxton, W. M. Hancock, R. J. R. Hayward, J. Mitchell, J. H. Phillips, M. Rumney.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 289

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 289, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 18 Feb.



ACROSS

1. Repartee for officers during ceremonial observances (8).
5. A heavy blow for mural work (6).
10. The lesson for an afternoon kind of examination (5).
11. Indulgence to an untidy cleaner (9).
12. Razor Bill (5).
13. A cake before the ball is plenty (9).
14. In broken pride a woman died (8).
16. 'Costly thy —— as thy purse can buy' (*Hamlet*) (5).
19. Weapon the General Staff may include for brief inspections (5).
20. Though calm it makes the Tyne rise turbulently (8).
22. Select a player for a game (9).
26. Fibre which comes in when this is all out of season (5).
27. I am in agreement on the instrument (9).
28. To be seen without ten (5).
29. Destiny is encountered finally (6).
30. Eat pears chopped up to roughen (8).

DOWN

1. Something very straight for an animal on a perch (6).
2. Fairy snow-white in old age (9).
3. Celebrate the rise of oriental evil on a Mediterranean island (9).
4. An actor bound to appear in the next Rank film (5).
6. Top-ranking communist displayed abroad (5).
7. Material for the route north (5).
8. Stops an activity included by the President of the Royal Society (8).
9. Girl beneath the fish (8).
15. A man's fear concerning a foreign country (8).
16. Means of making sharp but fair single (9).
17. Woman of the city with a girl and a bachelor (9).
18. Go into a panic, sailor, for something to eat (8).
21. Plunder and escape from a religious body (6).
23. 'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the ——!' (*King Lear*) (5).
24. Eager, though ill-assorted, to get on together (5).
25. As for these great men, the grammar school is beneath their families (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 287

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 287

Arthur W. Bowyer (Belfast), Mrs J. Kellett (Dorking), James Rankine (Bishopbriggs)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

GOVERNMENT OF GHANA

VACANCY FOR NATIONAL ORGANISER FOR THE BUILDERS BRIGADE

Applications are invited for appointment to the post of NATIONAL ORGANISER and CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER of the BUILDERS BRIGADE.

The National Organiser will be a member of the statutory Board which is to be appointed to control and manage the activities of the Builders Brigade, which activities will generally have relation to agricultural undertakings, rural development and other development projects. He will be the Chief Executive Officer of the Board and will be required to perform such duties as the Board may stipulate in connection with the exercise of its statutory obligations to: (a) provide employment by establishing, equipping, managing and maintaining establishments in Ghana where members of the Brigade shall work and be accommodated, (b) provide for the proper organisation of the Brigade, (c) recruit members of the Brigade and (d) be responsible for the welfare, control and direction of members of the Brigade.

Candidates must be of the highest integrity and possess proven administrative ability. They must be able to co-operate fully with senior officers of Government Departments and other organisations with whom they may have to liaise and must have the ability to control staff and large bodies of men. It will be an advantage if they have had military or police service as an officer of gazetted rank or, alternatively, have had considerable experience in a responsible administrative position in Government Service, or with a statutory Board or Corporation or a large commercial concern. A University degree is desirable, but will not be regarded as essential where a candidate's other qualifications are of a high order. Salary according to qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. A candidate qualified in all respects would be offered in the first place a contract of two tours of service of between 12 and 24 months each on a non-pensionable salary in the region of £2,000 a year together with a gratuity payable on satisfactory completion of contract at the rate of £12 10s. for each completed month of service.

Free first-class passages provided for officer, wife and up to three children under 18 years once a tour. Free rail travel between home and port of embarkation on first appointment and when proceeding on or returning from leave. Children's allowances payable at the rate of £100 per annum in respect of children under the age of 18 years, to a maximum of three, attending school outside West Africa. Seven days' leave for each completed month of residential service, exclusive of travelling time. Free medical attention. Income tax payable at Ghana rates. Furnished quarters provided at rental of approx. £150 per annum.

For further particulars and application form write stating age, qualifications and experience to the Director of Recruitment, Ghana High Commissioner's Office, 13, Belgrave Square, London, SW1. Closing date for applications, 28 February, 1958.

TAVISTOCK CLINIC,
2-6 Beaumont Street, W1.

SHORTHAND-TYPIST required immediately. A knowledge of psychiatric medical terms an advantage. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £425 to £480 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview telephone CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

ST. CHARLES' HOSPITAL
Ladbroke Grove, W10

Secretary to the Matron required immediately. Shorthand / typewriting necessary.

Salary starts at 23 years and over within the range £415 to £480 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview telephone CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

If you're the kind of girl the Chief relies on,
Alert, omniscient and a good stonewaller;
A crisp stenog., neurosis-free, no flies on

– then do come and see us; we have just the job for you, as Secretary or P.A.; salaries, conditions and opportunities are all first-rate. THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, EC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY OF CEYLON

Applications are invited for CHAIRS of:
(1) BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHY
(2) PHILOSOPHY
(3) BIOCHEMISTRY
(4) PHARMACOLOGY
(5) AGRICULTURE
(6) MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
(7) HISTORY

of the University of Ceylon. Preference will be given to experienced University Teachers. The salary scale attached to the post of a Professor is Rs.15,000 rising by 4 annual increments of Rs.600 and 4 annual increments of Rs.900 to a maximum of Rs.21,000 per annum. The Council may appoint at any point on this scale according to qualifications and experience. Rent allowance (15% of salary in the case of a married man and 7½% of salary in the case of an unmarried man subject to a maximum of Rs.140 and Rs.70 per mensem respectively) will be paid. First-class passage for the Professor, his wife and not more than three children will be provided. The posts are not pensionable but the Professors will become contributors to the University Provident Fund contributing 5% of salary and the University adding 10%. The appointments will be for a period of four years in the first instance but may be renewed up to the age of 55 or 60. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Ceylon and London, is 1 March, 1958.

PADDINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL
Harrow Road, W9.

WARD AIDES (2 only) required. Applicants should be of good appearance, well spoken and used to answering telephone. 40 hours per week, no evening duties. Apply Matron.

PADDINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL
Harrow Road, W9.

SHORTHAND/TYPIST required immediately for X-ray Department. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £425 to £480 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a.

For interview Telephone CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

ST. PANCRAS BOROUGH COUNCIL

APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN.

Applications invited for above appointment from persons having passed at least one Part of Registration Exam. of Library Assn. APT Grade I – £575 – £30 – £725 plus London weighting allowance. Candidates must have had good experience of modern children's library methods and activities. Applicants must disclose if related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Canvassing disqualifies. No housing. Applications by letter with names of three referees must be received by 18 FEBRUARY.

R. C. E. AUSTIN, Town Clerk.
St. Pancras Town Hall,
Euston Rd., London, NW1.

A large manufacturing company has a
MARKET RESEARCH VACANCY.

The post, an important one in an expanding section, will give experience of a wide range of problems and considerable opportunity for original thought and initiative. The work, which is in a new and interesting field, involves the processing of data collected from sample surveys (including planning for I.B.M. tabulating equipment), the design of both surveys and samples, report writing, and liaison with research agencies.

The post would particularly suit a young male graduate up to, say, 30 years of age, who has a degree in Economics or Sociology (statistics to have been a main or subsidiary subject). The holder of this appointment will have every chance to contribute to, and gain experience of, the section's work. Box 8023.

THE Science and Industry Committee invites applications for the post of Research Officer to take part in its research into technical change and the structure and methods of management. The appointment will be for one year, with a possibility of renewal, at a salary of £900. Applications should be made by 22 February to Professor B. R. Williams, Department of Economics, University College of North Staffordshire, Keele, Staffs., from whom further partics may be obtained.

OLD People's Welfare Organiser required. Full-time prefd. Woolwich area. Experience essential. Salary to be arranged. Applics, giving qualifications and copies of two testimonials, to: Secretary, Woolwich Council of Social Service, 71 Rectory Place, SE18.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PADDINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL
Harrow Road, W9

Shorthand/typist required immediately to act as secretary to Director of Physical Medicine, and as receptionist to the Physiotherapy department. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £425 to £480 p.a., according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview tel. CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

BBC requires Light Entertainment Producer in Cardiff. Candidates should have experience in Variety and Light Entertainment, generally (and be acquainted especially with Welsh resources in this field), ability to adapt material and exploit it for Sound and Television, thorough knowledge of the light music repertoire. Competence in the Welsh language an additional qualification. Salary £1,325 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,705 p.a. max. If no fully qualified candidate available initial appointment might be on lower grade with prospect of promotion subject to attainment of requisite standard. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.506, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires News Assistant in Manchester to assist in preparation and production of daily regional and area news bulletins on Sound, while interesting himself closely in techniques of Television news. Qualifications: preferably, professional experience as sub-editor in Press or radio; an alert news sense in order to help stimulate intake of news; editorial judgment necessary to take responsibility for organisation and production of live and recorded news despatches; knowledge of North of England. Prior experience of Television News not essential. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.503, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Talks Producer, North American Service. Duties include formulation of ideas for, and production of, discussions, talks and talks features for re-broadcasting in North America. Essential qualifications: sound education, good general knowledge, appreciation of style of the spoken and written word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in men and women of all kinds. First-hand knowledge of United States and Canada, their people and affairs, and some experience of writing, an advantage. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.502 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

MINISTRY of Supply: Labour Officers. Applications invited for 7 pensionable posts in the provinces, mainly in Royal Ordnance Factories. Age at least 25 on 1 August, 1957. Candidates must have a University degree, preferably in social studies, or have taken a recognised University course in Personnel Management, and have had some industrial experience in personnel management. Alternatively, applications will be considered from candidates with a Higher School Certificate (or an equivalent qualification) and at least 3 years' experience (10 years' if without academic qualifications) as a practising Personnel or Labour Officer in an industrial undertaking. All candidates should have a working knowledge of the social services, industrial legislation, and methods of joint consultation, and be familiar with day-to-day workshop problems. Starting salary £680 (women £623) at age 25 up to £800 (women £735) at age 28. Higher starting salary at 28 or over if exceptionally well-qualified. Men's maximum £1,055. Somewhat higher rates in certain large provincial towns. Women's rates being improved to reach equality with men's rates by 1961. Promotion prospects. 5-day week. Particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, quoting No. 4801/58. Application forms to be returned by 25 February, 1958.

INTERNATIONAL Gramophone Record Company seeks young man, not over 35 and preferably single, who would be prepared to work in the Netherlands. The position is one of considerable responsibility and involves working on one's own initiative. It calls for the writing of original notes for record sleeves and the editing of material for publicity purposes. Knowledge of classical music essential, and an all-round interest in gramophone records and advertising desirable. Write giving full personal details to Box 8020.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons as Professor of French. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,000 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments, at present £A70 (males), £A53 (females). Salaries are at present under review. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 31 March, 1958.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Oxford. Delegacy for Social Administration: Open Exhibition. The Delegates propose, if suitable applications are received, to hold an examination consisting of two papers and an interview on the result of which exhibitions up to the value of £50 may be awarded to candidates wishing to take the post-graduate course leading to the Diploma in Public and Social Administration during the academic year 1958/59. The date of the examination, if held, will be 18-19 March. Further particulars and application forms may be had from the Secretary, Delegacy for Social Administration, Barnett House, Wellington Square. Forms should be completed and returned by Monday, 24 February

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AUSTRALIA. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200 – £80 – £1,750 per annum plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is under revision.) The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 24 February, 1958.

THE University of Leeds Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited from suitably qualified graduates for appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Politics in the Department of Social Studies at a salary on the scale £900 × £50—£1,350 × £75—£1,650 a year for a Lecturer, or within the range £700-££850 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications and experience. Other things being equal, preference will be given to candidates with a special interest in the sociological study of political institutions. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University Leeds 2 (from whom further partics. may be obtained) by 24 Feb. 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Moral and Political Philosophy. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200-80-£1,750 per annum plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is under revision.) The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 28 February, 1958.

THE World Health Organization invites applications from candidates of English mother-tongue for a post of Translator at its Headquarters, Geneva. Duties include (a) translating a variety of highly technical texts from Russian into English and (b) acting, when necessary, as interpreter during conversations between officials, or at small meetings. Candidates should be university graduates, having specialized in Russian, and preferably with good knowledge of medical or biological terminology. Extensive experience as a translator is essential. Initial two-year contract with one-year probationary period. Basic salary $6,000 (tax free), plus allowances according to Staff Rules. Written applications should state nationality, age, education, full details of past and present experience and should be addressed to Personnel Section, World Health Organization, Palais des Nations, Geneva, quoting VN/AD411. No correspondence can be entered into except with those whose qualifications and experience are really suitable. Short-listed candidates will be required to take a written examination in London or Geneva. A similar post will be vacant in the WHO Regional Office for Europe, Copenhagen, with basic salary of $4,800 and applicants for the Geneva post should indicate if they wish to be considered for the Copenhagen post as well. Closing date, 22 February 1958.

STAFF Tutor in Industrial Relations. Applications are invited for an extra-mural tutor to reside in Kent. Applicants should have a good Honours Degree, preferably in economics, but other special qualifications will be taken into account. Salary on scale £900-£1,650. Particulars from Secretary, Oxford University Tutorial Classes Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford.

JERSEY. Young assistant House Mother needed at a Home for Girls. Enqs. to Director of Education, 5 Library Place, Jersey.

S. DEVON. Wanted experienced resident housekeeper for Children's Convalescent Home. Roughly 28 children, 10 adults. Beautifully situated in country, 2 miles from bus route. Apply with full details of experience & salary reqd. Markus, Hapstead, Buckfastleigh.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MID Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, High Wick, Tyttenhanger, Nr St Albans. Applications are invited from psychologists, nurses or persons working in the field of child care to take up residence in charge of a unit for 18 psychotic and grossly maladjusted children under the clinical direction of a Psychiatrist. Wide experience with young children and ability to deal happily with patients and staff essential. Must have an intelligent and informed attitude to the psychiatric problems of such a unit and be able to train housemothers. This is interesting work offering a unique opportunity for research. High Wick is situated in pleasant country approximately 19 miles from London and 4 miles from St Albans. Salary within the range £625 to £975 per annum less board and lodging, according to the qualifications of the successful applicant. Applications with names of two referees to Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St Albans, Herts, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement, from whom further details may be obtained.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Librarian required at Prestwich Hospital (Mental), near Manchester. Salary £575-£725 (starting point according to experience and qualifications). Librarian will be required, if necessary, to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians or holders of equivalent qualifications in Education or Social Science. Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application (with 2 testimonials) to County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by 21 February, 1958.

GARLANDS Hospital Management Committee, Garlands Hospital, Carlisle. (1,070 beds.) Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the above mental hospital. Applicants should hold an approved Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or the equivalent. Salary in accordance with the National Scale. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, etc., with names of two referees, to be sent to the Medical Superintendent as soon as possible.

CITY and County of Bristol, Department of Public Health. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for post of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker, salary £700 × £25(3) × £30(5) – £925 p.a. Successful candidate will work with establishment of 4 Psychiatric Social Workers under clinical direction of consultant psychiatrists for department. Large part of work will be with young children and their parents as part of Local Health Authority's scheme for prevention and alleviation of mental ill-health. Senior post offering considerable scope for initiative in organisation of what is a new service, and valuable opportunities for in-service training and teaching. Whitley Council conditions of service. Post superannuable; medical examination. Applications forthwith, on forms from Medical Officer of Health, Central Health Clinic, G.P.O. Box No. 201, Tower Hill, Bristol, 2.

CHERRY Knowle Hospital, Ryhope, Nr. Sunderland. Senior Psychologist (full-time) required at the above Mental Hospital. The post is a new one and the person appointed will be expected to organise and maintain a full psychological service for this hospital and its associated out-patient clinics. Opportunities for research may be available. Salary £1,000 per annum rising by 9 annual increments to £1,375. Applications giving names of 2 referees should be sent to Group Sec. at above address as soon as possible.

LONDON County Council. Assistant Organisers, children's care work. Experience social workers, preferably with social science qualifications, required in School Health Service. Duties include recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Salary scale £592 10s. (at age 24) to £792 10s, commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and details from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/B/130), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 20 February.

SURREY Education Committee Youth Service. Applications are invited from qualified men or women for the post of Full-time Club Leader as under: Richmond-Ham Youth Club. A mixed Youth Club to be established catering primarily for boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age. The club will meet in its own premises, at present under construction, and the post will offer great scope for development. Practical experience in mixed club work is essential, and a recognised diploma or certificate of training is desirable. Salary: men £500 × £25 to £750; women £460 × £20 to £680 (plus equal pay increments) plus London Allowance. Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on Thames, and should be returned within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

HOUSEFATHER wanted for adolescent Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd. Croydon.

HOUSEMOTHER, with previous experience or training, required to take charge of Home at Walton-on-Naze, Essex, for 13 boys and girls. Salary £425 × £20—£505, less £116 for emoluments plus £25 for certificate. One resident assistant employed and daily helpers. Write Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FAMILY Service Units have vacancies, resident and non-resident, for six family caseworkers, men or women, for the extension of their work with problem families in London and several provincial cities. Preference will be given to applicants with social science training and previous experience of social work. Non-resident salaries £525/25/700; children's allowances, pension scheme. Also vacancies for two senior workers with advanced qualifications and suitable experience preferably in mental health work. Salaries from £625 to £850. Write to the Secretary, FSU, 25 St. Mary's Grove, N1.

THE Family Planning Association requires part-time Organiser for South Wales, preferably based on Cardiff. Married woman, good education, committee and organising experience, keen interest in social services. Car driver essential, prepared to cover wide area opening new clinics and supervising existing ones. Able to give 2 to 3 days per week, and to be away from home some evenings and occasionally overnight. Applications stating age, qualifications and particulars of two Referees to General Secretary, Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, SW1.

THE Family Planning Association requires part-time Organiser for East Anglia, preferably based on Norwich or Cambridge. Married woman, good education, committee and organising experience, keen interest in social services. Car driver essential, prepared to cover wide area opening new clinics and supervising existing ones. Able to give 2 to 3 days per week, and to be away from home some evenings and occasionally overnight. Applications stating age, qualifications and particulars of 2 Referees to Gen. Sec., Family Planning Assoc., 64 Sloane St. SW1.

HOSTEL Warden. The National Union of Students requires a Warden for its Hostel in Gordon Street. Salary £450 p.a., plus rent-free flat, light and heat. Married couple might be appointed Warden and Deputy. Might suit axed ex-Serviceman. Enqs to C. A. O., 3 Endsleigh Street, WC1.

HOUSEMOTHER wanted for Reception Home, near Chelmsford, for 20 children. Salary £425-£505 a year, with an extra £25 a year, if in possession of Home Office Certificate, less £116 for emoluments. Must be experienced or trained and would be in charge on occasions. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

BADMINTON School. Head of Junior School wanted May or September 1958. 130 girls day and boarding aged 5-12. Burnham Scale with special responsibility allowance. Applicants should have Froebel training or degree and must be capable organisers who find personal contacts easy. Resident post offering good opportunity to young educationist of enterprise and experience who enjoys children. Apply Headmistress, Badminton School, Bristol 9.

DORSET: Science master wanted in May. Practical interests, such as farming or metalwork, desirable, though not essential. Burnham scale, government superannuation. 60 boys & girls aged 9-18. Enclose testimonials or write fully to Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Bridport.

EXPERIENCED mistress (Froebel), chn. 10-11 yrs., Sept. 1958. Music an asset. Burnham scale. Gov. Super. Town & Country School, 38-40, Eton Ave., Hampstead, NW3.

ADVENTURE Playground, St John's Wood. Full-time Warden reqd immediately Small playground. Present age range 5-12. Experience with children essential. Good salary on rising scale. Superannuation scheme. Applications with three references to Mrs Howard, 57 North Gate, NW8.

LADY Club Leader and Assistant to Warden at Brady Clubs and settlement (Jewish) required. Residence available. Apply full particulars in confidence to Mr Frank Austin, JP, at Brady Clubs and settlement, 192 Hanbury Street, E1.

DESIGN Research Unit has vacancies for (1) secretary/shorthand typist to Senior Architect; (2) production/progress assistant to Milner Gray and Senior Designers, preferably with knowledge of print and production processes. Apply by letter to business Manager, 37 Park Street, London, W1.

REQUIRED immediately. Assistant to designer (printed textiles, carpets, etc.). Part time. Preferably RCA or Central School trained. Lucienne Day, 49 Cheyne Walk, SW3. FLA. 1455.

LABOUR MP requires working housekeeper. House 6 miles Sheffield. MP in London 5 days weekly. One daughter 21. Write details and salary required: Box 7919.

YOUNGISH kindly mother's help wanted by prof. couple with two schoolgirls. Generous free time. 17 Lingfield Road, SW19.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted, Hampstead Garden Suburb, 3 children. Close to station. Car kept. Possibly permanent post. Box 8108.

STUDENTS required as organisers for Continental holidays. Good remuneration. Box 8087.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

TYPIST required, competent, part-time considered. Middle East Economic Digest, 84 Chancery Lane, WC2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COPYWRITER required for advertising department of large manufacturer near London. Sal. range £700-£1,100. Box 7976.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for Collet's Head Office. Salary & conditions acc. T.U. Agreement: age 21-23 up to £9 5s.; over 23 £9 7s. plus increments. 5-day week; free superannuation scheme and 3 weeks' holiday after one year. Apply in writing: Collet's, 44/45 Museum Street, WC1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist required as Personal Secretary to Trade Union Officer. Interesting work, requires good speeds and initiative. 5-day week. Hours 9 to 5. Normal 4 weeks' annual leave. Scale of pay £10 by 5s. to £11 per week. Apply by telephone CHA. 2991 for appointment.

PRIVATE Secretary required by Socialist MP, competent shorthand/typing essential. Interesting post for young woman with initiative. Pref. given to person interested in politics/social welfare, living Cen. London. Five-day week normally. Sal. £525. Apply with full partics in own handwriting. Box 8112.

PORTMAN Bureau, 78 George Street, W1, offers a wide selection of interesting posts from £8-£15 for young, well-trained Secretaries and Shorthand-typists. WEL. 4559.

PART-time shorthand-typist wanted West End School. Must be efficient organiser and adaptable. Knowledge French and ability to teach great advantage. Box 7809.

WANTED, young sensible personable m./f. with own vehicle, quite free to travel. Work is interesting, arduous, unusually highly paid. Interview 11 a.m.-4 p.m., Sat.-Sun.-Mon. 8-9-10 Feb. Brittan, The Crows Nest, 3 John St, London, WC1.

BRAZIERS requires permanent secretarial help immediately. Also a man for maintenance work. Apply: Warden, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

PART-time Sec. Shthnd-typist reqd by Chrtrd Accntnts. Next to Maples, opposite Warren St Station. Telephone EUS. 5691.

ORGANISING Secretary required for Jewish Women's Charitable Organisation. Experience essential. Box 8034.

SHORTHAND-typist, Trade Union work; permanency. Hours 35 per week. No Saturdays. 'Phone HOLborn 0591.

AT Conduit St. Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Daily 9-7. Sats 9-1. Every Male/Female office posts available. No fees to Staff.

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MALE middle-aged graduate seeks open air work during August in Austria Switzerland or Germany. Box 7822.

HORTICULTURAL post with interesting contacts sought by English graduate (woman). Horticultural diploma. Box 7848.

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OXFORD woman graduate in mod. Lang. aged 23, seeks temporary work. French, German, Typing. Box 8074.

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STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand WC2. TEM. 6644.

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PROF. family wish rent house sea/river fortnight 12 July-30 Aug. Box 8006.

TURKISH girl—18—wishes spend a year in England. Would help family. Must have free time for course of studies. No fare needed. Box 7596.

INDIAN lady returning home wishes dispose of beautiful saris. PUT. 0727.

PAYING guest. Prof. man (young) would like to stay with pleasant English family. Nice area London or near. Refs. available. Please write with details to Box 7924.

YOUNG educated married woman & daughter (2½) seek job and home. Capable, domesticated, driver. Willing to attempt anything. London area or Bristol pref. Box 8077.

RESPONSIBLE person to take 2 small children to park Monday to Friday afternoons. Ring evenings BAY. 8161.

WOMAN publicity executive (divorced) and 6 yr old son wish join establishment London area where child can be cared for after school, part holidays, etc. Box 7960.

SKIING Zermatt. 1 to 20 April. Couple wanted to share modern flat and car expenses. Gui. 3165. Box 7975.

SUMMER-Holidays Exchange. German parents of boy of 14 looking for English family where boy can spend summer holidays in exchange for English to come to their house near Hamburg. Box 7982.

VIVACIOUS 6½-year-old Roman Catholic boy with part Italian ebullience and average intelligence needs a permanent foster home, no family ties. If interested in this potentially rewarding personality further particulars from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford.

BANDOL. Furnished accommodation in Mediterranean villa. Write, 28 Park Ave, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.

YOUNG man sks similar (under 30), summer holidays, poss. find/share flat (London). Wide interests incl. theatre, films, swimming, riding. Box 7856.

LONDON. Prof. woman (30's), wide interests, seeks similar, share holidays, w/ends, etc. Box 7871.

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ENTRIES must be submitted before 27 February to the National Exhibition of Children's Art. For complete details please send a stamped addressed envelope to the Sunday Pictorial, National Exhibition of Children's Art, Fetter Lane, London EC4.

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PERSONAL—continued

RUSSIAN Records at Reduced Prices. A large selection is being offered by Collet's Record Shop, 70 New Oxford Street, London, WC1, to make way for a new consignment expected shortly from Moscow. Open 9.0 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. (Thursdays 9.0 a.m. to 1.0 p.m.). Lists of new arrivals now available.

EXPD camper, all equipment, sks companions summer visit Med. coast. Please state time avail., gen. interests. Box 7795.

FRIENDS in Morocco wd make our April visit delightful. Any offers? Box 8016.

CHINESE Lantern Party – See next week's Entertainment Column.

RATIONALISM. Information concerning Society of Christian Rationalists free on request. C/o Mr Read, 775 Asylum Ave, Hartford, Conn.

RARE Jazz Records on original labels. Send 3d. stamp for list. Michael Wyler, Stanholme, Woodside Rd., West Moors, Dorset.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair', Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., SW3. KEN. 1586.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

MASSAGE for fitness, health by nurse-physiotherapist. App. HAM. 2514.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

PERSONAL—continued

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of February 'Plebs'. 'Can Anyone Solve the Housing Problem' by the Rt. Hon. A. Woodburn, MP; 'Scotland's Economic Problems', by George Middleton; 'The Re-Birth of Asia' by J. F. Horrabin; 'Surprising Switzerland', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Inflation', by Rt Hon Douglas Jay, MP; 'Keeping Organisations on their Toes', by Dr W. McLaine; 'The Press and European Unity'; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar. 'The Cockpit'; 'Pars from the Press'; 'New Books'; NCLC News'; 'Plebs' is 6d., by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

LABOUR Monthly includes: 'The Trade Unions Know Their Business' by Harry Brotherton; 'The Way Ahead' by Councillor Renee Short; 'Afro-Asian Unity' by D. N. Pritt, QC; 'Indonesia: The Truth' by Jack Woddis; 'Where the Witch Hunt Ends' by 'Dogwatch'; Notes on Summit Talks and Mr Thorneycroft; Quaestor on peace moves. Post free 1s. 8d. or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134 Ballard Lane, London, N3.

MONTHLY Review.—An independent Socialist magazine. Discusses with clarity and simplicity of style the development of socialism all over the world. Edited in N.Y. by Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Annual sub. 25s.; single copies 2s. 6d. Write to P. B. Price, English Rep., 48 Balcombe St, London, NW1.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £3 4s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, NS, 10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Specimen copy on request.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality,' and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist,' free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

CAPITALIST-minded people can look up own careers and many for their children in new and vastly interesting Careers Encyclopedia: authority on training, exams, prospects in 240 callings. Ed. Chaffe & Edmonds. 688 pages, only 15s. (posted 16s. 9d.) any bookseller. 24 Feb., Cleaver-Hume Press, Wright's Lane, W8.

HOMOSEXUALITY. 'Judge Not', Aymer Roberts' serious autobiographical study. Observer Book of the Year. 16s. Booksellers or Linden Press, 20 Took's Court EC4.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

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CONCERTS

BACH-Handel programme, Boyd Neel Orchestra (Philomusica of London), dir. Thurston Dart. Wed. 12 February at 5.45, Royal Festival Hall. Tickets 4s. WAT. 3191.

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 9 & 1st London perf. of Jacobson 'The Hound of Heaven'. Central Hall. Sat., 15 Feb., at 7.30. Soloists: Joyce Barker, Patricia Kern, John Mitchinson, John Dethick. London Choral Society, London Philharmonic Choir (section), London Philharmonic Orchestra. Cond.: John Tobin. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from Hall. (WHI. 4259.)

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Sat 8 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Ilse Wolf, Sylvia Cleaver, Norman Platt, Walter Bergmann, Cantata Choir. Works by Schubert, Loewe, Geminiani, Telemann. Tickets 3s. 6d. from registrar or at the door.

LONDON Bach Group, Collegium Musicum Londinii, Pamela Bowden, Cecil Aronowitz, conductor John Minchinton. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Fri., 21 Feb., 8 p.m. Lennox Berkeley 'St Teresa Poems', Adrian Cruft 'Passiontide Carol' (1st perf.) Priaulx Rainier 'Sinfonia da Camera', Vaughan Williams 'Flos Campi'. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. Ibbs & Tillett (WEL. 8418).

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. International Film Season. Premiere of 'Rekava—The Line of Destiny' (U). (Ceylon.)

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 9 Feb., 7 days. Glynis Johns, Diana Dors, The Weak & the Wicked, a. B. Davis, Storm Centre, a.

'PARDESI' (The Foreigner), the first Indo-Soviet co-production feature film (Hindi language, English synopsis) will be presented by Asian Film Society on Sun., 23 Feb., at Hampstead Playhouse (4.30 & 7.30 p.m.) starring Oleg Streezhenov (of 'Forty-First') in title role with Nargis and P. Kapoor. Direction: K. A. Abbas ('Munna' fame) and V. M. Pronin. For details & membership apply to 11 Greek St, W1. GER. 0287.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, 8 February, 8-11. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., 8 Feb., The Marx Brothers in 'Monkey Business'. 3, 6, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

RAMBLERS' Association Services Ltd., and Wings Ltd., invite you to the 1958 Holiday Reunion at the Royal Festival Hall on Saturday 15 February 1958, from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dancing, films from Germany, Norway and Switzerland, Alphorn competition, etc. Tickets 5s. each, from 48, Park Road, NW1 or the Royal Festival Hall.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions of Old and Modern Masters. Prints of 26in about 50s., plus 14s. 3d. tax. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Roger Hilton. Paintings 1953-57. Opening 13 February. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Also Anthony Hill—Recent Constructions (in the Library).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Juan Gris (1887-1927) – Fifty Works – First important Exhibition in London. 13 Feb.-22 March. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

PRINT Exhibition. Sending-in days: 26, 27 & 28 Feb. Apply for forms from A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St, WC2.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq, WC2. Contemporary Paintings for hire. Yearly subscription £1 1s. and 7s. 6d. or 10s. per month per painting.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Sculptors' Drawings; paintings by Bernard Dunstan.

ST George's Gallery showing Merlyn Evans' magnificent 'Vertical Suite in Black' – aquatints. 7 Cork Street, W1. REG. 3660.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Peter Clough & Peter Reid. Paintings & Sculpture. From 12 February. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Anita De Caro – Paintings. Takis – Sculpture. Until 1 Mar. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Three Exhibs—William Roberts, André Bicât, Ethelbert White. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. John Carter, until 23 February.

ROBERT Delaunay. Paintings, reliefs, drawings & lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, SW1. Till 22 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

KANDINSKY. Paintings from the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 16 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

GALLERY One, W1. GER. 3529. Denny (Mosaics), Carey (Stained Glass).

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Michael Wishart, Rowland Suddaby and Robert Parkinson. Lithographs by Picasso. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 22 Feb.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St. Paintings Rivers of France also Sculptures 29 Jan.-22 Feb. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

PICTURES for Schools: 10th London Exhibition, Whitechapel Art Gallery, High Street, E1. 2-23 Feb. Weekdays (closed Mondays) 11-6. Sundays 2-6. Organised by the Society for Education through Art.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Paintings by William Johnstone. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 15 February at 6 p.m. Señor P. Partilla: Elementos que forman el español.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. H. D. Hughes on The Future of Adult Education Wed., 12 Feb., 7.30 p.m. 57 Dean St., W1.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sunday, 9 Feb., 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. D. S. Shastri: 'A Visit to Russia'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'THE Economic Outlook for Britain': Two lectures by Dr T. Balogh and Alan Day, at 3 and 5 p.m., on 8 February, at Goldsmiths' College, SE14. (TIDeway 2266). Admission 1s. per lecture.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Development of Roman Wall Painting' will be delivered by Professor A. D. Trendall (Canberra) at 5.30 p.m. on 18 February at University College (Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission Free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Prof. H. Levy: The Rise of the Scientific Profession. 9 Feb. 7.15 p.m. Barclay House, 783 Finchley Rd (Nr Child's Hill).

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W11 (PARk 7696). Fri., 7 Feb., at 8 p.m., Dr N. Zernov: 'Avvakum' – Evening in memory of A. M. Remezov. Fri., 14 Feb., at 8 p.m., Dr L. Slater, 'Boris Pasternak: Reminiscences & Poetry'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11 (PARk 7696). Tues., 11 Feb., at 8 p.m., Mr & Mrs N. Naef, 'A. P. Chekov' (Talk & recitation: in Russian).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Juan Gris – by Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. Tues., 11 Feb., 8.15 p.m. Mems. 1s. 6d. and one guest 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Young Poets. Readings by Burns Singer, Don Moraes, Peter Redgrove, Quentin Stevenson. Chair: Stephen Spender. Thursday, 13 February, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. A. A. Burall and J. B. Coates on 'What do we mean by Sexual Freedom?' Conway Hall, Thurs. 13 Feb., 7.30 p.m.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10; Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs. 13 Feb., 6.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Kingly Yoga'. All welcome. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

'A CHALLENGE to Christianity.' J. B. Coates. Sun. 11 a.m. 9 Feb. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber music concerts. Sun. 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussions. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Tues., 11 Feb., 7.15 p.m. E. Royston Pike: 'Scientific Humanism'. Adm. free.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society, Thurs. 13 Feb., 8.15 p.m. Mr Gordon Schaffer recently returned from Eastern Europe and Chairman of the Society, will speak on: 'Germany, Poland and Europe.' All welc. 23 Regent's Park Road, NW1. GUL. 1422. 74 bus from Camden Town or Baker St.

'BEETHOVEN and Schubert – The Classical and the Romantic Ages,' a lecture illustrated on the piano by Dr Ferdinand Rauter. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., SW1, Friday 14 Feb. at 7.30. Tickets 5s. from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St. W8. WES. 9003.

LONDON Premiere. Film of Scientific Research in Sinai Peninsula. Also lecture, 'Israel between East and West', Wed. 12 Feb., 8.15 p.m., Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd, NW8. Adm. free.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 12 Feb. 6.30 sharp: 'One Mighty Bound', R. Percheron – 15 Feb., 3 p.m., Saturday Group: readings, discussion, tea; all welcome. – Read 'The Middle Way', 2s 10d quarterly post free. Inf. TAT. 1313. – PS: 7th Annual Summer Sch., Hoddesdon, 22-29 Aug. Dtls ready soon.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri., 14 Feb., 8.30 p.m. Mrs Moerdowo, 'Some Aspects of the Life of Women in Indonesia'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns., Paddington, W2. All welcome.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun., 9 Feb., 'Key to Philosophy'. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

VEDANTA and Yoga. Fortnightly lectures by Swami Avyaktananda, 13 Elsenham Street, Southfields, SW18 (bus 39, Southfields Underground), 7.30 p.m., Fridays, Feb. 14, 28; March 14, 28. All welcome.

AT Younghusband House, 23 Norfolk Sq., Paddington, W2. Mon. 10 Feb. 7 p.m. Mr Maung Maung Ji, MA, LLB, 'Burma Today' – World Congress of Faiths Lecture.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'NYASALAND Looks To Britain' – Rev Andrew Doig, Nyasaland Federal MP for African Interests, and Mrs Grimond will speak in The Hall, St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont Street, SW1, at 7.30 p.m., Thurs., Feb. 13. Chairman: Rt. Hon. A. Creech Jones, MP. Reserved seats (free) from Africa Bureau (TATe Gallery 0701), 65 Denison House, SW1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W8, Sun., 9 Feb., 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. J. Hutton Hynd: 'What should we teach children concerning religion?'

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Rehearsed Play Reading: 'Goodbye World', written and produced by Bernard Kops. Sunday 9 and 16 February, 7.30 p.m. Tickets must be bought in advance. Admission 5s., Members 3s. 6d.

SOCIETY and the Sacred. Lecture-discussion – Thursday, 13 February, 6.30 p.m. Leslie Paul with T. M. Heron in the chair. St Anne's Society, at 57 Dean Street, W1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CRISES in British History. 7 public lectures Tues. 6.30 p.m. begin 11 Feb. Peasants' Revolt (Harold Hutchison), Ket's Rebellion (S. T. Bindoff), Great Fire and Rebuilding (Martin Holmes), Parliamentary Reform Crisis of 1831-2 (M. G. Brock), Military Crisis of 1917 (B. Liddell Hart), General Strike (Julian Symons), Invasion Threat of 1940 (Peter Fleming). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Details Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1. WAT. 6872.

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses. Friday, 21 Feb.-Sunday, 23 Feb., 'Men on the Moon'. Monday, 24 Feb.-Saturday, 1 March, 'The Outlook for British Industry'. Monday, 24 March-Thursday, 27 March, 'Opportunities in Retirement'. Easter Course: Thursday, 3 April-Wednesday, 9 April, 'Two Modern Philosophies': Positivism and Existentialism. Family Courses: 2-22 August. Details from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, nr. Devizes, Wilts.

NATIONAL Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Twelfth Annual Spring School at Westminster College, 130 Horseferry Road, London, SW1 from 12-19 April, 1958. Each member of the course will undertake 17 hours' practical work in one of the following subjects: (a) Crafts; (b) Drama; (c) Programme planning; (d) Group work and Group Dynamics; (e) Science in the Club. Lecturers will include Mrs Berger-Hemetschlag, Dr J. Bierer, Mr A. Gartrard and Professor R. King. Inclusive cost £8 8s. Bursaries available. Full particulars from NAMC & GC, 30 Devonshire Street, London W1.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Certificate in Medical Social Work. Applications are invited now for this twelve-months Course beginning October 1958. It includes practical and theoretical work and is recognised by the Institute of Almoners. Candidates should hold a regular university qualification in Social Studies. Information and forms of application may be obtained from the Director of Studies, Department of Social Study, 59 George Square, Edinburgh, 8. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October 1958, a full-time course extending over two Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one Session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College offers intensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for graduates and other well-educated girls. New group begins 17 February (next group 14 April). Foreign languages. Individual attention. Excellent results. For full details and interview apply the Principal, 62 Bayswater Road, London, W2. PAD. 3320.

OXFORD, Marlborough Secretarial College, 110a High St., Tel. Oxford 4349. Comprehensive training for high-grade Secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Foreign languages. Small classes, individual attention. New Group begins 25 February (next group 15 April). Prospectus on application.

YOGA evening classes, exercises, meditation. 2 Glenloch Rd, NW3. SWI. 4119.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 183

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